TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Venetian Winter.

When one leaves Florence laden with thoughts of its great past, little cities the names of which appeared in history long before America was thought of, seem of small importance. Looking out of the window one sees

The Beginning of the Grand Canal.

old houses, the ancient and crumbling walls all marked with signs of withered greatness, without that tendency to inquire into their history which would assert itself if the mind were not filled with events which seem to comprehend everything. Mrs. Don and I, looking out of the windows, laughed to see the grotesque street scenes, compared some of the decayed cities to cemeteries and were interested only in the people we saw, for we knew nothing of the people who had been great there, people whose stories were doubtless as pathetic and whose struggles perchance as noble as those of Dante and Savonarola. By and by we began to climb the Apennines and then the snow commenced, and the little villages in the valleys were dim and the winding roads which had once been thoroughfares of Italy could hardly be seen as they wound around the mountain sides and were lost in the mistiness of mountain heights. The old road, however, which was the main thoroughfare between Bologna and Florence, is as smooth and well paved as the best of Toronto's streets and for many miles follows the same passes that the railway engineers found most convenient; which shows, I think, that the ancients knew nearly as much about engineering as people of a later day. Great arches support the carriage road over the valleys and a broad and shallow river, bright and turbulent, sings the same song to the tourist in the railway coach as it sang to Cæsar and his hosts when they crossed those mountains encased in armor and pulling after them battering rams and strange engines for the siege of northern towns. A score and a score of times one crosses that babbling stream while descending the mountains, and between seven and eight o'clock, after passing through countless vineyards, the guard shouted in the window, "Bologna." The snow was falling in great fleecy torrents as the omnibus of the hotel rumbled up through the streets and great mounds of snow which had been scraped off the pavement to make the streets passable, were noticeable on every side of the great squares. Everything seems to be fronted with colonnades. Bologna is the city of colonnades. Byzantine architecture seems to have found favor in the eyes of these people, who are not far from the Adriatic, but there is little else to see except the leaning towers, and they are not in comparison with that of Pisa. The hotels are good and the streets present a novel spectacle, for everywhere is that long row of colonnades.

The road from Bologna to Venice is through Padua. Before one gets to this old town there are many sights strange to the eye of a Westerner, ancient castles on the summits of hills and trees trained in the valleys to support the vines which supply the red wines, the wholesome red wines of north Italy.

Reaching Venice one has to go over a long bridge built across the lagoon or the shallow part of the sea. The runner of the hotel

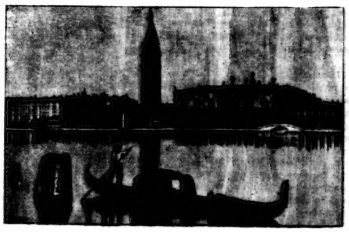
San Marco's Square.
SHOWING FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL AND THE CAMPANILE.

conducted us to a gondola; there are no omnibuses nor horses in Venice. I suppose there is no one hereabouts who has not heard of the Venetian gondola. Perhaps the majority of my readers have not seen one. This being the case, I furnish a photograph, but I can assure all those concerned that the gondola doesn't amount to much. It is much more romantic going to a hotel in a gondola than by means of an omnibus but it isn't any cheaper, and if one has got well of this romantic business it isn't any more pleasant. The gondola act is very pretty to read about and if one is young and is on the lookout for bright-eyed signoritas in the upper story of the houses that one passes, it must be interesting, but for a plain old married couple to ride in a gondola in January, also in Venice, is just as hum-drum an experience as riding in a snow-clad omnibus in a Simcoe village. It is too cold to remain outside, so one has to climb into a hearse-like apartment and sit with one's chin on one's knees, looking through the little windows from which nothing can be seen except the water and the straw, and pieces of wood that go floating past; one hears nothing but the monotonous swish of the long paddle, until by and by you are roused by the name of the hotel. The yellow green water is dirty; the gondolas are all painted black and are draped just like the ambulance that takes the coffin to the cemetery. The driver occasionally shouts something as he approaches the corner of another aqueous street, the ejaculation being to prevent another gondola from running into us. But in the winter the whole thing is dampened by the low condition of the thermometer and the inactive tendency of the liver. Everything is cold; the water is cold, the stone steps leading up to the hotel are cold, the hotel itself is cold and the halls have a draught in them that would snuff out the vital spark of anyone but a lusty traveler, or the poor, tired creature who has lost his vital spark in a dispute with some hotel clerk. The sheets on the bed felt just as cold as the water; the fire didn't burn, and after it did sputter itself into a flame the smoke all stayed in the room. Altogether Venice in the winter time is a beautiful place to stay away from, unless it is impossible to make a visit in the spring or fall.

The square of San Marco is the first point one is apt to visit, and a beautiful square it is. The palace, beneath which are as brilliant shops as anywhere in Europe, forms three sides of the quadrangle; the cathedral of San Marco, the other. In one corner of the square, and almost separating it from the minor square between the Doge's palace and the grand facade of the palace, is the Campanile. It is of great height and one ascends by a winding path of bricks and cement, which is much easier to mount than steps. When Napoleon first visited Venice he rode up to the top on horseback, which is easier still. From the top of the Campanile one can see all of Venice. It was between four and five o'clock; the sun was setting and the lagoons to the west were yellow with the evening light. Away to the east lay the Adriatic; beneath was Venice, gorgeous with colors which are seen in no other European city. Without its color Venice would be without its charm. Even the salts in the waters of the sea take upon themselves a rich tint when they encrust the stakes and buoys which mark the boatways leading to the grand canal or widening into the lagoons. The Byzantine architecture, the eclectic method of adornment, the raiment of the women, everything has a Venetian color, a richness that satisfies the eye. There are no great picture galleries in Venice, nor is it wonderful, for the city itself is a picture and the richest of tints have been lavished on its walls, its waters and its sky. Below us, as we stand on the summit of the Campanile, in the grand lagoon is St. George, the navy island; there is the palace of King Humberto; just across the little square is the old Doges' palace, something that in the picture looks like a chromo of the past, with its high walls and its arched windows and its huge regularity. Between the two palaces stands a monument, memorable because it was once the scene of the political executions which were quite a feature of Venetian history.

In front of you is the square of San Marco, rich and beautiful beyond comparison, and thousands upon thousands of pigeons are fluttering about the pavement, plump and intrusive, as privileged persons always are, for it would mean months in prison if one were to assault Mr. or Mrs. Pigeon. I did not get hold of the story of their proprietorship, but the pigeons are the first thing that strikes one on visiting that memorable piazza. In secluded streets and on housetops far away from the Campanile, the unregenerate kill these pigeons, but when they are in the square of San Marco they are at home and no one dare molest them or make them afraid. To the right is the bell tower. I did not ask who was the architect of it, for Venice does not lead one to ask questions. When one is having a rich and plenteous feast there is no question as to the cook. As the sun went down we went to our hotel; it was the Hotel d' Italia. It is kept by a German named Gruenwald. It is a place to be avoided, though the Restaurant Gruenwald across the canal is the best thing of its kind in Venice. Keep away from the hotel itself and by no means be tempted, supposing you lodge there, to try the *table d'hote;* it is the worst thing between here and Siam. At night we had a gondola. We wrapped up as if we were going ice-boating and sat outside where we could see. If we had had a self-feeding stove or a furnace along, it would have been very comfortable. As it was we returned to the hotel more than half frozen, but Venice at night is a grand sight. We saw the palaces illuminated, swept up the grand canal in proper style, the gondolier announcing the names of the palaces as we passed, in an utterly unintelligible way; we saw the prisons and the Bridge of Sighs and hospitals, I suppose, and everything there was, though unfortunately we couldn't tell one thing from another, owing to the gondolier's bad Italian or our bad English or something. The water was a lovely green, and at eight p.m. seemed to be bearing on its bosom a good deal of stuff that had been thrown out of windows and warehouses. However, it was Venice, and as we didn't own the town we couldn't kick. It is wonderful how these gondoliers find their way through the little, narrow, watery streets, but they know the town just as well as a York pioneer knows Toronto.

Next morning we went through the cathedral of San Marco. It is gorgeous; they have pillars there that were brought from Athens and Corinth and Jerusalem, and everywhere else except Toronto. There are wonderful pieces of mosaic, some of the richest of them on the floor, which, by the way, has been sinking, the piles not having been firmly imbedded in the mud of the lagoon. Everywhere it has the same softly bewildering colors. Venice is the city of color. They do not even venture to sell photographs of its chief places without being colored, for lacking the rich tints it ceases to be Venice.



The Grand Lagoon.
ROYAL P. LACE CAMPANILE. DOGES' PALACE.

Then we did the Doge's palace, wonderful chambers, great flights of stairs, letter boxes where a couple of centuries ago people dropped complaints against their neighbors and spies slipped in silent missives which procured the arrest of enemies. They pretended to have popular government in Venice, but such an institution cannot exist based on the spy system. The heads of the council opened the letter boxes in the morning, examined in the privacy of their chamber the complaints and revelations made, then men were arrested and thrown into dungeons. The prison is just over a little canal from the palace and across the water is the Bridge of Sighs, the affair that Howells calls "a sentimental fraud." The prisoner passed over it to judgment had his last glimpse of God's sunshine through its portals. The chamber where the prisoner was tried, the black-draped room where his masked judges deliberated and where he heard his sentence, were visited. Then the guide took us down to see the torture chambers where in darkness and surrounded by dripping walls the prisoners were made confess. We saw, too, the execution room, sights which made us hurry back into the grand parliament house of Venice, where magnificent paintings commemorate the victories of Venetian arms. The grand chamber is a room of surpassing magnitude, the walls covered with huge and magnificent paintings. The audience chambers of the Doges, their living and sleeping rooms, they are all great and grand and sombre, but everything is dominated by the Bridge of Sighs, the dungeons, the swashing of the water against the walls of the prisons, the implements of torture and the great farce of a grand parliament hall.

There are clean little streets over which one can walk, old churches, picture galleries, and quiet canals; then there is the grand canal, a railway station, the bridge, and many other things which deserve description, but all of Venice that the hurried traveler cares to see is adjacent to the square of San Marco with its brilliant shops, its warehouses of Oriental carving and beautiful design. When the gondola took us to the station we clambered up the stone steps piled high with flagons of Chianti wine, and I got my tickets countersigned for Milan with pleasure, for the snow was falling and snow and water and chilliness helped us to be entirely satisfied with two days in Venice.

DON.

A Venetian Street.

Around Town.

I do not like the way people are talking about business prospects in Toronto. If it were outsiders who throw cold water on the energies of this city we might attribute their words to jealousy, but when our own citizens get in the habit of gathering into little groups and speaking dolefully of the condition of affairs it is time for those who have large interests at stake to discuss the question of what is the matter. It cannot be denied that business at the present moment is in a reasonably good condition, yet many business men are looking jaded and talking in a hopeless way as to the future. There is no doubt that real estate speculations of the past have left the majority of those with whom money was rather flush three or four years ago hard up and thoroughly discouraged as to their ability to carry their load much longer. Everyone acquainted with the circumstances under which taxes and interest have been paid in such enormous amounts in Toronto since almost all movement in real estate ceased, cannot but admire the courage and tenacity of many who are now feeling that the strain cannot be endured much longer.

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The building trade has of course shrivelled since the boom hid itself in that "haunted house on the lonely commons." This trouble has been long anticipated, many had prepared for it, yet the very wisest are to-day feeling the effects of the reaction. Not only those who own the speculative houses are lacking tenants, but the most conservative and careful who have invested their money in bricks and mortar are forced to gaze sadly at "For Sale" and "To Let" in the windows of their own tenements.

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Retailers miss the customers who have moved away, or have to await the slow payment of bills incurred by the unemployed, and while the tendency of the times has been to concentrate in Toronto many of the small businesses once scattered amongst many minor towns, the same influence has concentrated Toronto's businesses into large houses, driving many of the smaller shopkeepers into looking for situations. In this way hundreds of small stores have been rendered vacant, yet the larger businesses, while getting on a securer basis, have been forced to content themselves with small profits. The railways have discriminated against Toronto, and Montreal has been given the advantage. In these things we have not been loyal to ourselves and have been getting the worst of it.

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Manufacturing has not increased; high taxes have frightened small enterprises from locating here; those who tried to do big things have been scourged by the Council and every attempt at progress has been frowned down by the foolish people who think hoarding the

The Bridge of Sighs.

do'la that should be spent will make times easier.

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In view of these things I do not wonder that men are found in little knots telling one another their tale of woe. When one asks, "Do you think times will improve?" he is answered

by another question, "What is there to make times better?" Who can answer the second question? Of course a good crop would help us. There was a good crop last year but all the money was paid into the banks and saving societies on account of overdue mortgages and back indebtednesses which have not yet been canceled. The proceeds of the next good crop will go to a great extent to the money lenders and money will be still cheaper. But what good is cheap money if those who hold it have no confidence in local enterprises? The sharpest rustler in the city could not get up a stock company at the present moment, for the few who have the cash propose to hold it until they see how things are likely to shape themselves.

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What we need, then, is a return of public confidence; in Toronto the re-establishment of the belief that this city is bound to increase in size and volume of business. The banks and loan societies have plenty of money to enable every man with an idea as to the advancement and prosperity of the city to exploit it. But if capital shakes its head and is afraid to invest a dollar, we shall look in vain for brisk times to overtake us.

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In asking the question what caused this loss of public confidence, which so evidently exists, we may find the remedy, for one can certainly be found. We over-estimated our probable growth, or rather, speculators and builders kept on buying, building and selling, stretching the limits of the city into the country without calculating where the people to occupy the houses were to come from. Thus a part of our trouble was caused by over-hopefulness, just as we now are suffering from too little hopefulness. Toronto is in quite as good a position as it ever was; it is the natural Chicago of Canada, its greatest railway and shipping center, a lovely city sloping to the lake, full of beautiful streets and law-abiding and hard-working people; the farms of the province are not less fruitful, and more of the farmers' dollars come to Toronto than ever; there has been no collapse of business, no crisis which left everybody broken and weak; no rival city has sprung up and taken our place! Were the too sanguine ones who invested their wealth in houses and real estate such great fools after all? Is it not possible that they have been the victims, to a certain extent at least, of unfortunate circumstances over which they had little or no control? A prosperous city is not a thing of houses and streets, and parks and lots staked off, and farms patch-worked into a map. A successful city is a community made great by the energy, ability and hopefulness of its people. Even if the population of the province is not increased, with the start we have we should at least continue to accumulate enough of the people who are already in Ontario to duplicate in this decade the increase we made from 1880 to 1890. If ordinary business methods, a proper conception of our necessities and an absolute and aggressive loyalty to our city take the place of the miserable faltering of the past few years, by the time we cease writing 1899 and begin the new century we should have a quarter of a million people in one of the most beautiful and proudest cities from Chicago to the sea.

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At the present stage of affairs look at our prospects! There isn't a new factory, foundry or machine shop likely to be established here. Of course I speak only of those things which have reached my ears. Concealed in great minds or in the brains of busy capitalists there may be some such enterprises, but rumors of their establishment are not encouraging our citizens at this moment. The reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay and the change of our horse cars to an electrical system are the only two things under discussion. The Council are fighting both on behalf of posterity and they seem likely to keep on fighting them until Toronto will be like the young man of whom the wit said that he had a magnificent future behind him. In that case, even our love of posterity in its intensity will defeat its own purpose and our heirs will inherit nothing but our liability on real estate covenants.

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It was hoped that when the city was re-districted we might get some brains into the Council. The Citizens' Association started a campaign, nominated a mayor and were preparing to nominate some aldermen when somebody shouted "Board of Trade, bah!" and the Citizens' Committee found they would have their hands full even to elect a business-like mayor, and were thus forced to drop any attempt to bring out first-class aldermen. As it was, they didn't succeed in electing their mayor, and now we have a city government as cheap and unreliable as a Waterbury watch. The moment there was any effort made to put large-minded men into office a half a dozen different interests in the city called themselves together and organized to oppose the movement, and succeeded of course. Progressive towns are supposed to have rapid transit. Toronto finds its city government hanging back and saying, "The horse cars are good enough for us. Let's wait till somebody discovers a storage battery. It may happen any minute; it may not happen for ten years. We are prepared to wait." Lord bless us, a man is liable to discover a flying machine any minute, but are we to wait for flying machines? Some German professor thinks he has invented a moving side-walk by use of which a man who goes out and stands in the road will in a few minutes drift to the place he wants to go. Are we to wait for this?

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Chevalier Gianelli has been appointed by the Columbian Exposition at Genoa as its representative in Canada. The appointment is pleasing to everyone, for not only is Mr. Gianelli universally esteemed by the Italians of Canada but is held in the highest regard by all Canadians who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. His appeal to the manufacturers and producers of Canada to send exhibits has been published in the daily papers and should receive more than ordinary attention. As a country we are not growing because we don't seem to know how to grow. Our exports are not increasing apparently, because our exporters have not been sufficiently enterprising to find a market. I know enough of Italy to believe that there are many of Canada's manufactures and products which could be made so interesting and attractive there as to establish a trade. It is the manufacturers and producers' business to be ever on the alert, and they should all consult Mr. Gianelli as to their opportunities. He can be relied upon for an honest opinion, and if the scant knowledge I have obtained in three months trip to Genoa is of any value to those interested in the exhibition, I shall be glad to tell all I know about the business opportunities and circumstances of that most progressive of all Italian cities. For my own part, I think a good exhibit in Genoa would be of more value to Canada in many respects than at the great affair in Chicago. At the former exhibits are limited to America, and as Genoa is on the highway from France to Italy, is one of the favorite seaports of Switzerland and the commercial capital of Italy, its exhibition affords Canadian exhibitors an opportunity of introducing their goods in new and productive territory.

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I am always in sympathy with the earnest man who does his own thinking and is prepared to suffer for his sincerity. Possibly I carry this so far that heterodoxy appeals to me more strongly than orthodoxy. This being the case, I have endeavored to follow the Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Euclid avenue Methodist church, through his declaration of faith as regards the Atonement. If I were looking for a martyr I am afraid I have been wasting my time. After all his sermons and explanations the pot has boiled over and put the fire out. As the late lamented John Henry Pope once remarked, "There hain't been nothin' to it." I have known several men who conducted large businesses without bookkeeping; that is to say, they carried their accounts in their head and could afford to despise, or because of illiteracy were pleased to despise, those who kept written accounts. Brother Phillips has righteously and in many cases strongly and clearly shown his disapproval of the commercial view of the Atonement; that is to say, he has combated the idea that it was a mere question of bookkeeping, that God's account against man had to be balanced, and that He sent His son here to undergo great sufferings and an agonizing death in order to enable him to write off a bad account against humanity. But Brother Phillips carries so many provisos and so many details in his head and does his bookkeeping in such strange ways that after the whole thing is over, and with due apology to Mr. Phillips and regret that my brain has not been evenly enough balanced to seize upon his published argument as an entirety, I am still at a loss to know what Brother Phillips believes. I feel certain that he would not preach these sermons for the sake of attracting attention to himself, making the people thirst for a broad and homely and out-spoken expression of thought and then giving them a great sputtering of water on the coals and leaving nothing but the pot and clinders for them to look at. Yet this is just what he has done. Theologians may find something in what he has said to try him for heresy, but if they do so they will be wasting their time. No man who has a clear conception of the Atonement needs more than one sermon in which to express it. If someone who loved me sacrificed his life to save mine or did something which would furnish me an example so glorious as to place my feet in the right path, it wouldn't take me six books or six sermons to tell about it, and I don't pretend to be nearly as smart as Brother Phillips. A man who has real strong views will set them forth in very few words. A man who is not real sure of what he believes is always skating on rotten ice and making big circles. As a matter of fact, I think Brother Phillips, as soon as the weather gets warm, ought to go up to Muskoka and rent a solitary island and lie down thereon, and with the great waters around him and a great sky above him and some great rock under him endeavor to re-discover himself. I believe he could do it, though in view of his many sermons and his many provisos and his subtle disquisitions he might have some difficulty in separating himself from the doctrines of the many people who thought they knew, from the wonderments of his own soul which wishes it knew, and from the fear of the world, which if it knew what he thought might not be pleased to think with him. With such surroundings as I have suggested, with "day unto day uttering speech and night unto night showing knowledge," he might find out something sin ple about this plan, and he might tell it in simple words and the people might understand, and in this way he might do great good. I am very much in doubt, however, whether his sermons have not simply served to unsettle people. He has handled the Atonement as if it were the *Pons Asinorum* of theological euclid. Of course if he understands it, it is all right, but as the Atonement had reference to all of us, even to dull and heterodox people like myself, it certainly ought to be capable of some simpler definition; otherwise, if we are orthodox we will have to swallow it and look wise, not understanding much about it, or if we dare to be heterodox we must continue to be without any theological basis for looking wise, but go on trying to love the Great Good God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to teach us something about love and how to act. DON.

Social and Personal.

Society folk and music lovers of every class gathered at the sound of the name Albani, and on Monday last the Pavilion held an audience second to none in brilliancy and *ton*. Our own Albani is such a contrast to Patti, more, however, in private life than on the stage. She is so genial, so earnest and so womanly, that one forgets the *artiste* in enjoying the gracious and natural companion. Patti is a spoiled child; Albani is a lovable woman. Her admirers on Monday evening gave her a royal welcome; those few who were privileged to meet and chat with her received the welcome back in cordial phrase and winning smile. Among the hundreds who drank in the charming music of her voice on Monday evening, I noticed Miss Marjorie Campbell, accompanied by Miss Grace Boulton and Mr. Harcourt Vernon (Miss Campbell wore a white dress, and looked extremely lovely), Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cronyn (Mrs. Cronyn in a black evening gown), Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham and party (I much admired Miss Gooderham's yellow frock, which charmingly becomes her), Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. John and Miss Cawthra, Miss Boulton, Mr. and Miss Beardmore, Mrs. McDonald and Mr. Dickson Patterson, Dr. Scadding, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. FitzGibbon (in a very dream of a mauve gown), Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. and the Misses Yarker.

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Here and there I noted little groups of visitors from the neighboring towns and cities, who counted as nothing the distance they had come to hear our own Albani.

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Madame Albani Gye and Mr. Gye remained all day Tuesday in Toronto, giving many of us an opportunity to pay our devotions to the Queen of Song.

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Mr. Henry Ince and family, who have passed the winter at the Rossin House, have returned to their home at 88 St. George street.

*

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave a smart tea on last Saturday afternoon. Among the ladies who shared her hospitality were: Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Beardmore and others.

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Another tea, which rather clashed with the aforesaid, was given by the Misses Todd on the same date. A number of pretty and fashionable folks attended this function, which was most enjoyable.

*

Miss Elsie Armour has returned from a lengthy visit to New York. I am told that serious matters, to be fully published sometime in the month of roses, sunny June, are absorbing the thoughts of this popular young lady, and that some of the loveliest toilettes that ever delighted a lady fair have come from the modern Gotham in anticipation of the happy occasion.

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One of the jolliest and most successful of the private clubs which flourish round us is a product of the west end. It is called the Dozen Whist Club, and is formed of the following well known Toronto gentlemen: Colonel Milligan, Major Leigh, Captain Greville Harston, Captain Behan, Dr. Austin Ellis and Messrs. R. L. Denison, F. H. Thompson, H. Reesor, Alfred Wright, J. H. Harder, E. A. Thompson and V. B. Wadsworth. This club meets every Monday evening during the season, and what they don't know about whist is not worth learning. Last Monday the Dozen played at Mr. R. L. Denison's, and on Monday next they will meet at Mr. E. A. Thompson's.

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I had a peep at the dress rehearsal of A Russian Honeymoon last Tuesday evening, and was much pleased with the costumes and posing of the bright young men and women who are to play it for the benefit of the Orphans' Home, next week. Miss Jardine Thomson has a lovely stately gown of yellow brocade, trimmed with white fur, and a Louis three-cornered hat, which is vastly becoming. She makes also a very sweet peasant, in her red skirt, peasant bodice and Russian cap. This dress is very correct and is richly trimmed with black fur. Miss Mabel Ince, as the Baroness Vladimir, has a delightful mouse-gray and shell-pink gown, which is a most graceful and elegant *confection*. Her change to the blood-red traveling gown, with fur corselet and jaunty red hat, is very quickly managed. I couldn't help thinking of Mrs. Jeannes-Miller, and the rapid transits she accomplished, when the very speedy transformation of the Baroness took place. The other peasant costume, worn by Miss Roberts, is yellow, with the usual bodice in peasant style. It is such a very becoming dress that it does full justice to her.

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Some of the music-loving folk of Toronto have done a graceful kindness to a young foreigner who has met trouble face to face since his arrival in Toronto. Those who know Herr Kuckenmeister will recognize this fact, and those who are not already aware that another concert will be given at which the Herr will render several violin solos, should put a note in their diaries opposite Tuesday evening next. The concert is to take place at the residence of Mrs. Jopling.

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Dr. Crawford Scadding sang The Palms, at St. James' last Sunday, in a most finished and delightful manner.

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Mrs. Arthur Armstrong and Miss Armstrong, who have been visiting Mrs. Bart Armstrong of 279 Richmond street, have returned home to Lloydtown.

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A very good bazaar and high tea were held at St. Peter's school house last week in aid of the Zenana missions. The display of work was unusually fine; some exquisite beetle-wing embroidery took me captive, and a lot of pretty things in *crepe* tissue paper were at once beautiful and useful. I believe St. Peter's congregation are a model to the churches as mission workers. One thing always strikes me when I am fortunate enough to attend their doings, the number of handsome and happy looking ladies, who are veritable mothers in look and deed. One department, which tempts me to break the rule not to mention names imposed upon me, was Miss Emily Pellatt's candy table, the delicious burden of which was the work of her own hand». Dozens of tempting and mysterious sweets of subtle flavor and luscious delight were the reward of over a fortnight's continuous labor. The cutest little pamphlets, with recipes for these Zenana Sweets, were also on hand. It was quite a departure from the ordinary bazaar table, and gained much praise from its numerous patrons. As for the high tea, it is surely enough to say it was provided by the ladies of St. Peter's to render further praise superfluous.

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Mrs. James Richardson of Windsor has been visiting Mrs. Tye of St. James avenue.

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Mrs. Goulding of St. George street leaves for England on Monday next, accompanied by Mrs. John Cameron of London.

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Miss King of Oshawa is visiting Mrs. Higman of North Ontario street.

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Capt. E. P., Mrs. and Miss Denison sailed on the Parisian on Thursday. They will remain abroad for an extended tour.

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Miss Fennel of Berlin has been visiting in Toronto. She was one of the many strangers at the Albani concert.

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Miss Minnie Darby has gone to Dakota for the summer.

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Mr. R. S. Williams, manager of the Bank of Commerce, Goderich, and Mrs. Williams celebrate their crystal wedding on Tuesday next by a fancy dress party.

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The members of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association enjoyed quite a literary treat on Monday evening. Miss Gertrude Lawlor, B.A., delivered a short but very interesting lecture on Samuel Johnson and won the applause and admiration of her audience by the excellent manner in which she treated her subject. Mrs. B. R. Emslie, the elocutionist of the evening, shared the honors with Miss Lawlor, her encore number, Whitcomb Riley's Little Orphan Annie, exciting great laughter. Both were presented with flowers at the close of the evening. Miss B. McCarthy contributed two instrumental selections, and Miss Katie O'Donoghue, a vocal solo, both being well received. A vote of thanks was tendered to all who had taken part.

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Prof. Bendelaria of Harvard University has been visiting relatives in the city for the past few days.

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Miss Lay gave a most enjoyable *soiree musicale* on last Saturday afternoon at Morvyn House.

*

The Lotus Club held their third At Home at the residence of Miss K. McLaren, McCaul street, on Thursday evening of last week. There were about thirty-five couples present and everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Among the guests were: Miss F. Platts, Miss A. Barnes, Miss G. Colby, Miss T. McCurry, Miss R. Wylie, Miss L. Campbell, Miss G. Dodds, Miss A. Boman, Miss F. Stoddart, Miss G. Bennett, Mr. W. Harris, Mr. R. Conlan, Mr. W. Blair, Mr. T. Allen, Mr. T. Gleason, Mr. L. Nicoll, Mr. F. Bell, Mr. G. McGuire, Mr. C. Beattie, Mr. N. Laird. The committee are Messrs. A. Priestman, F. Jacobi, W. Bond, A. McLaren, S. Mackenzie, R. Grennuss, A. MacGuire, treasurer, and W. R. McCurry, secretary. At a meeting of the club on the 5th Mr. MacGuire res'gned and the combined position of secretary-treasurer was given to Mr. Walter McCurry.

*

The lady managers of the Orphans' Home have great expectations for the success of their coming entertainment on Friday and Saturday of next week, at the Academy of Music. The performance will be under the patronage of their excellencies Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston.

*

Miss Maud Scales left last Saturday for a visit to friends in Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

*

Miss Flo Fuller is spending the Easter holidays with Mrs. Todd of 230 Robert street.

*

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by the Wednesday Musical Club, on next Saturday evening, at the Art Gallery, from eight to twelve o'clock.

*

The enthusiasm manifested at the tenth annual meeting of the Vantage Club last Friday evening augurs well for the successful season. When president T. R. Clougher took the chair a goodly representation of the members had arrived and business was pushed through with alacrity. The secretary-treasurer's reports were read and adopted, both being of a satisfactory nature. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Honorary president, Mr. Robert Jaffray; president, Mr. T. R. Clougher; first vice-president, Mr. G. H. Douglas; second vice-president, Mr. Percy J. Horrocks; secretary and treasurer, Mr. W. T. Allan, of Messrs. Allan & Baird, Canada Life Building; auditors, Messrs. C. J. Catto and G. Douglas. A discussion took place on the advisability of embracing cycling as one of the features of the club, and as a large number of the members are cyclists it was decided to appoint a committee to arrange the details for organization, and a special meeting will be held at an early date, when the Vantage Cycling Club will be duly formed. The secretary will be glad to receive the names of any ladies who would like to join the ladies' division. The club intend holding an At Home shortly.

*

What promises to be one of the best church concerts of the season will be given on Wednesday evening next in Carlton street Metho

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Easter Cards

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Easter Novelties

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Some New Styles.

SHORT capes of velvet are shown for driving and visiting wraps for early spring. A single breadth of shaded velvet—blue shot with gray and black—is gathered around a yoke and collar of white Irish lace, with fichu points in front. These capes scarcely reach the waist line, and are very full, some of them having a Watteau fold in the back. The Chinese coat of cloth is one of the novelties for spring. It is of tan cloth falling loose in front and back from a yoke of grayish-black velvet. The fulness, however, is arranged in a new way, being gathered in two organ-pipe pleats to the yoke, and separated by black moire ribbon set in a *chou* on the edge of the yoke, with long ends falling between the pleats. Rich embroidery of gold, black and tan shades is on the yoke and sleeves. Grayish-green cloth is used by the same tailor for a long cloak with belted front and Watteau-pleated back; the yoke and pointed belt and huge sleeves are of square-meshed black net holding oval bits of mother-of-pearl and spangles of many colors.

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White, pale rose, and pale green are the colors chosen for bridesmaids' gowns for Easter and also for June weddings. Striped *moire* and *faille*, or bengaline with spangled *chiffon* ruffles, are made into youthful gowns with demi-trained bell skirt. A group of maidens at a spring wedding will wear white *faille* gowns made with Pompadour corsages cut out square below the throat, and *sabot* sleeves with a deep lace frill at the elbows. White satin ribbon forms a wide girdle of folds, and falls in a long Watteau bow at the back. Three very full lapping ruffles of ribbon only an inch wide are around the skirt. Short veils of tulle are crowned by a wreath of small pink roses, and a basket of roses is carried by each maiden. A dress for a maid of honor is of pale green striped *moire* with a Marie Antoinette fichu of pinkish-white *chiffon*. Another maid, who is to be the bride's only attendant, will wear a pink bengaline gown trimmed with two box-pleated ruches of inch-wide white satin ribbon around the skirt.

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The Easter girl of the present season is to be a tailor-made girl. While there are any number of fanciful and elaborate creations in the way of dresses and wraps, the fact remains that the tailor costume, made in severely simple and elegant fashion, is the pet outing dress of the younger and more stylish portion of womankind. Very light colors, gray, drab, tan, dull pink, light blue and delicate tints of olive, with the Cronstadt and Russian greens, are the chosen colors. The style of making is plainness and simplicity itself; not an extra fold or bit of trimming is permitted, further than to accent the severity of the model. The dress and jacket, with possibly a cloth-covered toque, with wing or stiff plumage or aigrettes, gray or tan gloves, and a small, closely rolled umbrella, are the ambition of the Easter girl who likes to be in the height of fashion.

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A beautiful and appropriate Easter souvenir pin is a passion flower in enamel with pearl dewdrops.

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A certain quantity of stiff feathers, aigrettes, bristling ornaments and wings will be worn during the entire season. These are always available for outings where flowers and soft, crushable or flimsy materials would not stand the wear and tear of exposure. A flat hat, with velvet and wing trimming, will, with average care, last through the entire season for boating and all manner of water excursions, as well as earliest spring wear. These models frequently come out at Easter-time, and are worn as novelties for a while, then come into general utility service for the remainder of the season. Posey hats are the special possessions of the young and the fair. With a dainty costume of spring wool or silk, a stylish short wrap and a pretty parasol, one of these flower-hats finishes out a picture which is always pleasant and restful. Conservative millinery comes out in the half-cottage bonnet and toque shapes, of which our best dressed women seem never to weary. Ribbons and flowers are the most popular trimmings, and for the moment a great deal of feather-and-wing finish seems to be in demand. Ruffles, plaitings, puffs, aigrettes and curtains of lace are among the favorite millinery garnitures. Entire bonnets and hats of lace will be worn, and the veil, which has been increasing in size, is likely to obtain a very strong and vigorous growth by midsummer. Border veils, deep curtain veils, and every other imaginable sort, from the tiny quarter-yard of plain net to the three yards and a half length of fancy fabric, will be in demand.

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A great deal of India silk ruching and ruffling will be used on dresses of light quality of wool, whether in black or colors. A very pretty Henrietta cloth dress has three narrow pinked ruffles of India silk, with a very deep berthe-shaped waist trimming, also of the silk. This waist trimming is set on very scant over the shoulders, and forms a sort of cape which falls almost to the elbows at the sides, and runs to a very narrow point back and front. A long, wide sash of pinked silk is worn with this costume.

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Among the revivals are the old-time rings, in hoop shape, set with diamonds. The diamonds are placed in a row with just gold enough to form a setting. An attractive and novel design for a pin is a stiletto in Roman gold, to which is attached a sheath and chain. The dagger which forms the pin is stuck through the lace and then slipped into the sheath, the chain connecting the two. The hilt, which is in the form of a cross, is set with sapphires. Busy women are preparing summer waists of black India silk; comfort waists they call them. These are made with shirred yoke, or with narrow tucks, and have full-topped sleeves and a ruffle below the belt, or they may be drawn in at the waist-line, with the skirt portion to be worn under the dress skirt.

LA MODE.

Changing the Color of Flowers.

It does not seem to have been recognized as a fact that what a branch cut and placed in water will do is no criterion of what the same branch will accomplish through the aid of its natural roots, but there is evidently a great distinction, says *Meehan's Monthly*. No matter what we may water a plant with, when it is in a healthful, growing condition, no percentible influence is made on the color of the flowers, but if we cut off a branch and place it in water which contains a little ether added to a small quantity of liquid ammonia, the flowers will take on various colors. This difference is well worth noting, because many of the facts which we accept as such in vegetable physiology have been founded on what branches do when they are cut and placed in water. Many persons have supposed that they can change the color of the hydrangea from rose to pink by watering with various liquids, or by adding ingredients to the soil, but it is now known that hydrangea flowers cannot be changed in this way. Whatever it is that causes the change in the hydrangea, it is connected in some way with vital power, and not with any element in the soil.

The Woman of It.

In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER III.

Some seven or eight officers were sitting round the table in the mess-room of the 103rd Bengal Infantry of Cawnpore. It had been a guest night, but the strangers had left, the lights had been turned out in the billiard-room overhead, the whist party had broken up, and the players had rejoined three officers who had remained at the table smoking and talking quietly.

Outside, through the open French windows, the ground looked as if sprinkled with snow beneath the white light of the full moon. Two or three of the mess servants were squatting in the verandas talking in low voices. A sentry walked backwards and forwards by the gate leading into the mess-house compound; beyond, the maidan stretched away flat and level to the low huts of the native lines on the other side.

"So the doctor comes back to-morrow, major," the adjutant, who had been one of the whist party, said. "I shall be very glad to have him back. In the first place, he is a capital fellow, and keeps us all alive; secondly, he is a good deal better doctor than the station surgeon who has been looking after the men since we have been here; and lastly, if I had got anything the matter with me myself I would rather be in his hands than those of any one else I know."

"Yes, I agree with you, Prothero; the doctor is as good a fellow as ever stepped. There is no doubt about his talent in his profession; and there are a good many of us who owe our lives to him when we were down with cholera in that bad attack three years ago. He is good all round; he is just as keen a shikar as he was when he joined the regiment, twenty years ago; he is a good billiard player, and one of the best story-tellers I ever came across; but the best point is that he is such a thoroughly good fellow—always ready to do a good turn to any one, and to help a lame dog over a stile. I could name a dozen men in India who owe their commissions to him. I don't know what the regiment would do without him."

"He went home on leave just after I joined," one of the subalterns said. "Of course, I know, from what I have heard of him, that he is an awfully good fellow, but from what I saw of him myself he seemed always growling and snapping."

There was a general laugh from the others.

"Yes, that is his way, Hibbert," the major said; "he believes himself to be one of the most cynical and morose of men.

"He was married, wasn't he, major?"

"Yes, it was a sad business. It was only just after I joined. He is three years senior to me in the regiment. He was appointed to it a month or two after the colonel joined. Well, as I say, a month or two after I came to it he went away on leave down to Calcutta, where he was to meet a young lady he had been engaged to him before he left home. They were married, and he brought her up country. Before she had been with us a month we had one of those outbreaks of cholera. It wasn't a very severe one. I think we only lost eight or ten men, and no officer; but the doctor's young wife was attacked, and in three or four hours she was carried off. It regularly broke him down. However, he got over it, as we all do, I suppose; and I think he is married to the regiment. He could have had staff appointments a score of times, but he has always refused them, and lives in a up next year, and he could go home with full pay, but I don't suppose he will."

"And your niece arrives with him to-morrow, major," the adjutant said.

"Yes, I am going to try petticoat government, Prothero; I don't know how the experiment will succeed, but I am tired of the empty bungalow and I have been looking forward for some years to her being old enough to come out and take charge. It is ten years since I was home, and she was a little chit of eight years old at that time."

"I think a vote of thanks ought to be passed to you, major. We have only married ladies in the regiment and it will wake us up and do us good to have Miss Hannay among us."

"There are the colonel's daughters," the major said, with a smile.

"Yes, there are, major, but they hardly count; they are scarcely conscious of the existence of poor creatures like us; nothing short of a resident or, as any ra'e, of a full-blown collector, will find favor in their eyes."

"Well, I warn you all fairly," the major said, "that I shall set my face against all sorts of philandering and love-making. I am bringing my niece out here as my housekeeper and companion, and not as a prospective wife for any of you youngsters. I hope she will turn out as plain as a pikestaff, and then I may have some hopes of keeping her with me for a time. The doctor, in his letter from Calcutta, says nothing as to what she is like, though he is good enough to remark that she seemed to have a fair share of common sense, and has given him no more trouble on the voyage than what was to be expected under the circumstances. And now, lads, it is nearly two o'clock, and as there is early parade to-morrow, it is high time for you to be all in your beds. What a blessing it would be if the sun would forget to shine for a bit on this portion of the world, and we could have an Arctic night of seven or eight months with a full moon the whole time."

A few minutes later the mess-room was empty, the lights turned out, and the servants wrapped up in their blankets had disposed themselves for sleep in the veranda.

As soon as morning parade was over, Major Hannay went back to his bungalow, looked round to see that his bachelor quarters were as bright and tidy as possible, looked in into a light suit, and went down into the posthouse. A quarter of an hour later a cloud of dust along the road betokened the approach of the Dak-Gharry, and two or three minutes later it dashed up at full gallop amid a loud and continuous cracking of the driver's whip. The wiry little horses were drawn up with a sudden jerk. The major opened the door. A little man sprang out and grasped him by the hand.

"Glad to see you, Hannay; glad I did not be back again. Here is your niece; I deliver her safe and sound into your hands." And between them they helped a girl to alight from the vehicle.

"I am heartily glad to see you, my dear," the major said, as he kissed her; "though I don't think I should have known you again."

"I should think not, uncle," the girl said. "In the first place, I was a little girl in short frocks when I saw you last; and in the second place, I am so covered with the dust that you can hardly see what I am like. I think I should have known you; your visit made a great impression upon us, though I can remember now how disappointed we were when you first arrived that you hadn't a red-coat and a sword, as we had expected."

"Well, we may as well be off at once, Isobel; it is only five minutes' walk to the bungalow. My man will see to your luggage being brought up. Come along, doctor. Of course you will put up with me until you can look round and fix upon quarters. I told Rumzan to bring your things round with my niece's. You have had a very pleasant voyage out I hope, Isobel?" he went on as they started.

"Very pleasant, uncle, though I got rather tired of it at last."

"That is generally the way—everyone is pleasant and agreeable at first, and before they get to the end they take to quarrelling like cats and dogs."

"We were not quite as bad as that," the girl laughed, "but we certainly weren't as amiable the last month or so as we were during the first part of the voyage. Still, it was very pleasant all along, and nobody quarreled with me."

"Present company never brays excepted," the doctor said. "I stood *in loco parentis*, major, and the result has been that I shall feel in future more charitable towards mothers of marriageable daughters. Still, I am bound to say that Miss Hannay has given me as little trouble as could be expected."

"You frighten me, doctor; if you found her so onerous only for the voyage, what have I to look forward to?"

"Well, you can't say that I didn't warn you, major; when you wrote home and asked me to take charge of your niece on the way out, I told you frankly that my opinion of your good sense was shaken."

"Yes, you did express yourself with some strength," the major laughed; "but then one is so accustomed to that, that I did not take it to heart as I might otherwise have done."

"That was before you knew me, Dr. Wade, otherwise I should feel very hurt," the girl put in.

"Yes, it was," the doctor said dryly.

"Don't mind him, my dear," her uncle said; "we all know the doctor of old. There, this is my bungalow."

"It is pretty with all these flowers and shrubs round it," she said admiringly.

"Yes, we have been doing a good deal of watering the last few weeks, so as to get it to look its best. This is your special attendant; she will take you up to your room. By the time you have had a bath your boxes will be here. I told them to have a cup of tea ready for you upstairs. Breakfast will be on the table by the time you are ready."

"Well, old friend," he said to the doctor, "when the girl had gone upstairs, "no complications, I hope, on the voyage?"

"No, I think not," the doctor said. "Of course, there were lots of young puppies on board, and as she was outside the best-looking girl in the ship, half of them were dancing attendance upon her all the voyage, but I am bound to say that she acted like a sensible young woman; and though she was pleasant with them all, she didn't get into any flirtation with one more than the rest. I did my best to look after her, but, of course, that would have been of no good if she had been disposed to go her own way. I fancy about half of them proposed to her—not that she ever said as much to me—but whenever I observed one looking sulky and miserable, I knew that some pretty well what had happened. These young puppies are all alike, and we are not without experience of the species, eh, major?

"Seriously, major, I think you are to be congratulated. I consider that you ran a tremendous risk in asking a young woman, of whom you knew nothing, to come out to you; still, it has turned out well. If she had been a frivolous, giggling th ng, like most of them, I had made up my mind to make a good turn by helping to get her engaged on the voyage, and should have seen her married off hand at Calcutta, and have come up and told you that you were well out of the scrape. As, contrary to my expectations, she turned out to be a sensible young woman, I did my best the other way. It is likely enough you may have her on your hands some little time, for I don't think she is likely to be caught by the first comer. Well, I must go and have my bath, the dust has been awful coming up from Allahabad. That is one advantage, and the only one as far as I can see, that they have got in England. They don't know what dust is there."

When the bell for breakfast rang and Isobel made her appearance, looking fresh and cool, in a light dress, the major said: "You must take the head of the table, my dear, and assume the reins of government forthwith."

"Then I should say, uncle, that if any guidance is required there will be an upset in a very short time. No, that won't do at all. You must go on just as you were before, and I shall look on and learn. As far as I can see everything is perfect, just as it is. This is a charming room, and I am sure there is no fault to be found with the arrangement of these flowers on the table. As for the cooking, everything looks very nice, and, anyhow, if you have not been able to get them to cook your taste in it of no use my attempting anything in that way. Besides, I suppose I must learn something of the language before I can attempt to do anything. No, uncle, I will be mistress of if you like and take tea and pour it out, but that is the beginning and the end of my assumption of the head of the establishment at present."

"Well, Isobel, I hardly expected that you were going to run the establishment just at first; indeed, so far as that goes, I don't know if he is a good man, has pretty well a free hand. He is generally responsible, and is in fact what we should call at home a housekeeper—he and the cook between them arrange everything. I say to him, 'Three gentlemen are coming to dinner,' he says, 'Acha Sahib,' which means all right, sir, and then I know it will be all right. If I have a fancy for any special thing, of course I say so. Otherwise, I leave it to them, and if the result is not satisfactory, I blow up. Nothing can be more simple."

"But how about bills, uncle?"

"Why, my dear, the butler gives them to me and I pay them. He has been with me a good many years, and will not let the others—that is to say, the cook and the syce, the washerman and so on—cheat me beyond a reasonable amount. Do you, Rumzan?"

Rumzan, who was standing behind the master's chair, in a white jacket and dress with a red and white sash round his waist, smiled.

"Rumzan not let anyone rob his master."

"Not to any great extent you know, Rumzan. One doesn't expect more than that."

"It is just the same here, Miss Hannay, as it is everywhere else," said the doctor, "only in big establishments the pickings are so large that pounds while here they rob you of annas, which, as I have explained to you, are twopence-halfpennies. The person who undertakes to put down little peculations enters upon a war in which he is sure to get the worst of it. He wastes his time and his temper, makes himself and everybody around him uncomfortable, and after all he is robbed. Life is too short for it, especially in a climate like this. Of course in time you get to understand the language; if you see anything in the bills that strikes you as showing waste, you can go into the thing, but as a rule you had better let to your butler if you cannot trust him, get another one. Rumzan has been with your uncle ten years, so you are fortunate. If the major had gone home instead of me, and if you had had an entirely fresh establishment of servants to look after, the case would have been different; as it is you will have no trouble that way."

"Then what are my duties to be, uncle?"

"Your chief duties, my dear, are to look pleased, which will evidently be no trouble to you; to amuse me and keep me in a good temper as far as possible; to keep on as good terms with the wives the other ladies of the station; and what will perhaps be the most difficult part of your work, to amuse and keep in order the young officers of our own and other corps."

Isobel laughed. "That doesn't sound a very difficult programme, uncle, except the last item; I have already had a little experience that way, haven't I, doctor? I hope I shall have the benefit of your assistance in the future as I had aboard the ship."

"I will do my best," the doctor said grimly; "but the British subaltern is pretty well impervious to amuse; he belongs to the pachyderm-atous family of animals; his armor of self-conceit renders him invulnerable against all milder forms of raillery. However, I think you can be trusted to hold your own with him, Miss Hannay, without much assistance from the major or myself. Your real difficulty will lie rather in your struggle against the united female forces of the station."

"But why shall I have to struggle with them?" Isobel asked in surprise, while her uncle broke into a laugh.

"Don't frighten her, doctor."

"She is not so easily frightened, major. It is just as well that she should be prepared. Well, my dear Miss Hannay, Indian society has this peculiarity, that the women never grow old. At least," he continued, in reply to the girl's look of surprise, "they are never conscious of growing old. At home the woman's family grows up about her and are constant reminders that she is becoming a matron. Here the children are sent away when they get four or five years old, and do not appear on the scene again until they are grown up. Then, too, ladies are greatly in the minority, and they are accustomed to be made vastly more of than they are at home, and the consequence is that the amount of envy, hatred, jealousy, and all uncharitableness, when is appalling."

"No, no, doctor, not as bad as that," the major remonstrated.

"Every bit as bad as that," the doctor said stoutly. "I am not a woman hater, far from it; but I have felt sometimes that if John Company, in its beneficence, would pass a decree absolutely excluding the importation of white women into India, it would be an unmixed blessing."

"For shame, doctor," Isobel Hannay said; "and to think that I should have such a high opinion of you up to now."

"I can't help it, my dear; my experience is that for ninety-nine out of every hundred unpleasantnesses that take place out here, women are in one way or another responsible. They get up sets and cliques, and break up what might be otherwise pleasant society into sections. Talk about caste among natives, it is nothing to the caste among women out here. The wife of a civilian of high rank looks down upon the wives of military men. The general's wife looks down upon a captain's, and so right through from the top to the bottom.

"It is not so among the men, or at any rate to a very much smaller extent. Of course, some men are pompous fools, but, as a rule, if two men meet, and both are gentlemen, they care nothing as to what their respective ranks may be. A man may be a lord or a doctor, a millionaire or a struggling barrister, but they meet on equal terms in society; but out here it is certainly not so among the women, they stand upon their husband's dignity in a way that would be pitiable if it were not exasperating. Of course, there are plenty of good women among them, as there are everywhere—women whom even India can't spoil; but what with exclusiveness, and with the amount of admiration and adulation they get, and what with the want of occupation for their thoughts and minds, it is very hard for them to avoid getting spoilt."

"I hope I sha'n't get spoilt, doctor, and I hope, if you see that I am getting spoilt, you will make a point of telling me so at once."

The doctor grunted. "Theoretically, people are always ready to receive kind advice, Miss Hannay; practically, they are always offended by it; however, in your case I will risk it, and I am bound to say that hitherto you have proved yourself more amenable in that way than most young women I have come across."

"And now, if we have done, we will go out on the veranda," the major said. "I am sure the doctor must be dying for a cheroot."

"The doctor has smoked pretty continuously since we left Allahabad," the doctor said. "He wanted to sit up with the driver but, of course, I would not have that. I had got pretty well accustomed to smoke continuously, and, if I had not been, I would much rather have been almost suffocated than have been in there by myself. I thought a dozen times the driver was going to upset, and what with the bumping and the shouting and the cracking of the whip—especially when the horses wouldn't start, which was generally the case, at first—I should have been frightened out of my life had I been alone. It seemed to me that something dreadful was always going to happen."

"You can take it easy this morning, Isobel," the major said when they were comfortably seated in the bamboo lounges in the veranda. "You can't have any callers to-day, as we will be known you traveled all night. People will imagine that you want a quiet day before you begin shaking."

"What a horrid expression, uncle!"

"Well, my dear, it represents the truth. The arrival of a fresh lady from England, corresponds of a spin., which is short for spinster or unmarried woman, is an event of some importance in an Indian station. Not, of course, so much in a place like this, which is the civil center of a large district, but in a small station it is an event of the first importance. The men are anxious to see what a newcomer is like for herself; the women to look at her dresses and see the latest fashions from home, and also to ascertain whether she is likely to prove a formidable rival. However, to-day you can enjoy quiet; to-morrow you must attire yourself in your most becoming costume, and I will trot you round."

"Trot me round, uncle!"

"Yes, my dear. In India the order of procedure is reversed, and newcomers call in the first place upon residents."

"What a very unpleasant custom, uncle; especially as some of the residents may not want to know them."

"Well, everyone must know everyone else in a station, my dear, though they may not wish to be intimate. So about half-past one to-morrow we will start."

"What, in the heat of the day, uncle?"

"Yes, my dear. That is another of the inscrutable ways of Indian fashion. The hours for calling are from about half-past twelve to half-past two, just in the hottest hours. I don't pretend to account for it."

"How many ladies are there in the regiment?"

"There is the colonel's wife, Mrs. Cromarty. She has two grown up red-headed girls," replied the doctor. "She is a distant relation—a second cousin—of some Scotch lord or other, and, on the strength of this, has persuaded the colonelcy, gives herself prodigious airs. Three of the captains are married. Mrs. Doolan is a merry little Irish woman. She will Doolan. She has two or three children. She is a general favorite in the regiment.

"Mrs. Rintoul—I suppose she is here still, major, and unchanged? Ah, I thought so. She is a washed-out woman, without a spark of energy in her composition. She believes that she is a chronic invalid, and sends for me on an average once a week. But there is nothing really the matter with her, if she would but only believe it. Mrs. Roberts—"

"Don't be ill-natured, doctor," the major broke in. "Mrs. Roberts, my dear, is a good-looking woman and a good-hearted. I don't think there is any harm in her whatever. Mrs. Prothero, the adjutant's wife, has only been out here eighteen months and is a pretty little woman and in all respects nice. There is only one other, Mrs. Scaredale; she came out six months ago. She is a quiet young woman, with, I should say, plenty of determination. I should think you will like her. That completes the regimental list."

"Well, she is not so very formidable. Anyhow, it is a comfort that we shall have no one here to-day."

"You will have the whole regiment here in a few minutes, Isobel, but they will be coming to see the doctor, not you; if it hadn't been that they knew you were under his charge every one would have come down to meet him when he arrived. But if you feel tired, as I am sure you must after your journey, there is no reason why you shouldn't go and lie down quietly for a few hours."

"I will stay here, uncle; it will be much less embarrassing to see them all for the first time when they come to see Dr. Wade and I am quite a secondary consideration, than if they had come specially to call on me."

"Well, I agree with you there, my dear. Ah! here come Doolan and Prothero."

A light trap drove into the enclosure and drew up in front of the veranda and two officers jumped down whilst the syce who had been standing on a step behind ran to the horse's head. They hailed the doctor, as he stepped out from the veranda, with a shout.

"Glad to see you back, doctor. The regiment has not seemed like itself without you."

"We have been just pining without you, doctor," Captain Doolan said, "and the ladies would have got up a deputation to meet you on your arrival only I told them it would be too much for your modesty."

"Well, it is a good thing that someone has a little of that quality in the regiment, Doolan," the doctor said, as he shook hands heartily with the man both. "I wish I had little of it when fell to the share of Ireland when it was served out."

As they dropped the doctor's hand the major said, "Now, gentlemen, let me introduce you to my niece." The introductions were made, and the whole party took chairs on the veranda.

"Do you object to smoking, Miss Hannay? Perhaps you have not got accustomed to it yet? I see the doctor is smoking; but, then, he is a privileged character, and smokes and rules."

"I rather like it in the open air," Isobel said. "No doubt I shall get accustomed to it indoors before long."

In a few minutes four or five more of the officers arrived, and Isobel sat an amused listener to the talk; taking but little part in it herself, but gathering a good deal of information as to the people at the station from the answers given to the doctor's enquiries. It was very much like the conversation on board ship, except that the topics of conversation were wider and more numerous, and there was a community of interest wanting on board a ship. In half an hour, however, the increasing warmth and her sleepless night began to tell upon her, and her uncle seeing that she was beginning to look flagged, said, "That will thing that you can do, Isobel, is to go in-doors for a bit, and have a good nap. At five o'clock I will take you round for a drive, and show you the sights of Cawnpore."

"I do feel sleepy," she said, "though it sounds rude to say so."

"Not at all," the doctor put in. "If any of these young fellows had made the journey out from Allahabad in that wretched gharry, they would have turned into bed as soon as they arrived and would not have got up till the first mess bugle sounded, and very likely would have slept on until next morning.

"Now," he went on, when Isobel had disappeared, "we will adjourn with you to the mess-house. That young lady would have very small chance of getting to sleep with all this racket here. Doolan's voice alone would banish sleep anywhere within a distance of a hundred yards."

"I will join you there later, doctor," the major said. "I have got a couple of hours' work in the orderly room. Rumzan, don't let my niece be disturbed, but if she wakes and rings the bell, send up a message by the woman, that I shall not be back until four."

The major walked across to the orderly room while the rest, mounting their buggies, drove to the mess-house which was a quarter of a mile away.

"I should think Miss Hannay will prove a valuable addition to our circle, doctor," the adjutant said. "I don't know why, but I gathered from what the major said that his niece was very young. He spoke of her as if she were quite a child."

"She is a very young, sensible young woman," the doctor said, "clever and bright and, as you can see for yourselves, pretty, and yet no nonsense about her. I only hope that she won't be spoilt; here, nineteen out of twenty young women do get spoilt within six months of their arrival in India, but I think she will be one of the exceptions."

"I should have liked to have seen the doctor doing chaperone," Captain Doolan laughed. "He would have been a bear such as would have attempted even the faintest flirtation with anyone under his charge."

"That is your opinion, is it, Doolan?" the doctor said sharply. "I should have thought that even your common sense would have told you that anyone who has had the misfortune to see as much of womankind as I have, would have been aware that any endeavor to nip a flirtation for which they are inclined would be of all others the way to induce them to go in for it headlong. You are a married man yourself and ought to know that. A woman is a good deal like a spirited horse; let her have her head, and, though she may for a time make the pace pretty fast, she will go straight, and settle down to her collar in time, whereas if you keep a tight curb she will fret and fidget, and as likely as not make a bolt for it. I can assure you that my duties were of the most nominal description. There were the usual number of hollow-pated lads on board, who buzzed in their usual feeble way round Miss Hannay, and were one after another duly snubbed. Miss Hannay has plenty of spirits, and a considerable sense of humor, and I think that she enjoyed the voyage thoroughly. And now let us talk of something else."

"Before an hour's chat the doctor started on his round of calls upon the ladies; the major had not come in from the orderly room, and after the doctor left, Isobel Hannay was again the topic of conversation.

"She is out and out the prettiest girl in the

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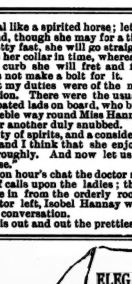

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station," the adjutant said to some of the officers who had not seen her. "She will make quite a sensation; and there are five or six ladies in the station, whose names I need hardly mention, who will not be very pleased at her coming. She is thoroughly in good form, too; nothing in the slightest degree fast or noisy about her. She is quiet and self-possessed. I fancy she would be able to hold her own against any of them. Clever! I should say 'certainly;' but, of course, that is from the face rather than from anything she said. I expect half the unmarried men in the station will be going wild over her. You need not look so interested, Wilson. The ladies of no more personal interest to you than if I were describing a new comet. Nothing less than a big civilian is likely to carry off such a prize, so I warn you beforehand you had better not be losing your heart to her."

"Well, you know, Prothero, subalterns do manage to get wives sometimes."

There was a laugh.

"That is true enough, Wilson; but, then, you see, I married at home; besides, I am adjutant, which sounds a lot better than subaltern."

"That may go for a good deal in the regiment," Wilson retorted, "but I doubt if there are many women that know the difference between an adjutant and a quartermaster. They know about colonels, majors, captains, and even subalterns; but if you were to say that you were an adjutant they would be simply mystified, though they might understand if you held bandmaster. But I fancy sergeant-major would sound ever so much more imposing.

"Wilson, if you are disrespectful I shall discover to-morrow, on parade, that No. 5 company wants a couple of hours' extra drill badly, and then you will feel how grievous a mistake it is to cheek an adjutant."

The report of those who had called at the major's was so favorable that curiosity was quite roused as to the newcomer, and when the major drove round with her the next day everyone was at home, and the verdict on the part of the ladies was generally favorable, but was by no means so unqualified as that of the gentlemen.

Mrs. Cromarty admitted that she was nice-looking; but was critical as to her carriage and manner. She would be admired by young officers no doubt, but there was too much life and animation about her, and although she would sent exactly say that she stooped, she was likely to do so in time. "She will be nothing remarkable when her freshness is worn off a little," to which opinion the Misses Cromarty thoroughly assented. They had never been accused of stooping, and, indeed, were almost painfully upright, and were certainly not particularly admired by subalterns.

Mrs. Doolan was charmed with her, and told her she hoped that they would be great friends.

"This is a very pleasant life out here, my dear," she said, "if one does but take it in the right way. There is a great deal of tittle tattle in the Indian stations and some quarreling; but, you know, it takes two to make a quarrel, and I make it a point never to quarrel with anyone. It is too hot for it. Then you see I have the advantage of being Irish, and for some reason or other that I don't understand we can say pretty nearly what we like. People don't take us seriously, you know; so I keep in with them all."

Mrs. Rintoul received her visitors on the sofa. "It is quite refreshing to see a face straight from England, Miss Hannay. I only hope that you may keep your bright color and healthy looks. Some people do. Not their color, but their health. Unfortunately I am not one of them. I do not know what it is to have a day's health. The climate completely oppresses me and I am fit for nothing. You would hardly believe that I was as strong and healthy as you are when I first came out. You came out with Dr. Wade—a clever man. I have a very high opinion of his talents, but my case is beyond him. It is a sad annoyance to him that it is so, and he is continually trying to make me believe that there is nothing the matter with me, as if my looks did not speak for themselves."

Mrs. Rintoul afterwards told her husband she could hardly say that she liked Miss Hannay. "She is distressingly brisk and healthy, and I should say, my dear, not of a sympathetic nature, which is always a pity in a young woman."

After this somewhat depressing visit the call upon Mrs. Roberts was a refreshing one. She received her very cordially.

"I like you, Miss Hannay," she said, when after a quarter of an hour's lively talk the major and his niece got up to go. "I always say what I think, and it is very good-natured of me to say so, for I don't disguise from myself that you will put my nose out of joint."

"I don't want to put anyone's nose out of joint," Isobel laughed.

"You will do it, whether you want to or not," Mrs. Roberts said. "My husband as much as told me so, last night, and I was prepared not to like you, but I see that I shall not be able to help doing so. Major Hannay, you have dealt me a heavy blow, but I forgive you."

When the round of visits was finished, the major said, "Well, Isobel, what do you think of the ladies of the regiment?"

"I think they are all very nice, uncle. I fancy I shall like Mrs. Doolan and Mrs. Scarsdale best; I won't give any opinion yet about Mrs. Cromarty."

(To be Continued.)

A Magnificent April Fool.

A centenary is a very grand thing, no doubt; but few people hanker after it. If Rossini takes an interest in the thing just now, he might request his admirers to whistle it easy. Above the din of the orchestras we find some bad notes that the author of William Tell would perhaps like to have omitted. They inform us that the great composer was what the French call *un homme de bonnes fortunes*, or at least he imagined himself such. He was thoroughly convinced that he was irresistible among the ladies. As a New Yorker might say, vulgarly but expressively, he was struck on himself. He kept his pockets well stocked with *billets doux*, which he constantly exhibited to his less fortunate friends and acquaintances. In a word, if the notes which his centenary have called forth are all in tune, the great maestro was an ass. Here is one of them from his biographer, Gittinger.

At Milan one morning, just as he got out of bed, Rossini received the following note:

"A lady just arrived from Naples, with the intention of making the acquaintance of the maestro whose music fills the entire globe and causes him to remove everywhere, would wish to see him this evening at the Scala, box 9, lower tier, to tell him orally what she dare not put on paper.

The letter was written in a fine and elegant hand. There was a crest on the envelope, and the whole affair was exquisitely scented.

"Another conquest!" sighed Rossini with an air of profound resignation. Just then the door was opened and the tenor David appeared. David was a first-class practical joker. The composer and the singer chatted pleasantly for a while, after which the latter announced the news that the Ambassadress of France had just arrived at Milan.

"Is she pretty!" asked Rossini.

"She is simply adorable," replied David, "and she is just crazy over your music. Her very first act was to hire a box for this evening. I was at the theater when her intendant arrived and he hired a box in the lower tier."

"Do you know the number?" asked Rossini.

"Number nine, I think," was David's reply.

That settled it. When David went away Rossini prepared himself with a most elaborate toilet. He curled his hair, fixed himself up elaborately, put on his all conquering trowsers, and when it was time to start for the theater he set off with a light heart for box 9. He found it empty. But he waited patiently, or, rather, impatiently, for the arrival of the expected beauty. At the end of the third act the box door was gently opened and an unknown band presented Rossini with this note:

MY DEAR MASTER,—Madame the Ambassadress of France has charged the undersigned to offer you her apologies. It is impossible for her to come to the theater for the following reasons:

I.—She has not yet left Rome.

II.—She will probably never come to Milan.

III.—She doesn't exist. The Ambassador of France is a widower.

Be good enough, incomparable maestro, to accept the assurance of the profound esteem with which the undersigned has the honor to be Your devoted admirer,

PRIMO APRILE.

Rossini swore. He was an April fool! He tried to laugh it off, but ever afterward David's notes were always out of tune with the great composer.

Quite Evident.

"Wat's de fare tu Charles'on!"
"Single?"
"Nopy. I's married, bose."

In St. John's Ward.

Tom—On'y just think what an escape I had, Dick—What d'yer mean?

Tom—That was my best gal once'r. If I hadn't brokin the engagement her extravigar ce would ha' rooined me. Why, her candy bill alone is three cents a week!

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Not Lost, But Gone Before.

The C. P. R Pacific express was just beginning to move out of the station the other afternoon, when a lame man in a stovepipe hat and a furious haste came skipping frantically along over the neighboring tracks followed by a man carrying valises.

He had come into the station by a back entrance, and his short cut across the tracks was necessitated by his anxiety to catch the train. But when he reached the platform and could have got aboard he stopped and looked fiercely back past the gates, and called despairingly:

"Addie! Come on, Addie!"

But no Addie came. And the train glided by and out toward the west.

The lame man's face was a picture that would have delighted Dore's heart. He ground his teeth and flashed his eyes. His lame foot beat a tarantella on the platform. And every few seconds he shrieked, "Oh, Addie!" with frantic hoarseness. When you come to think of it, it is rather annoying to just catch a train yourself and have to let it go by because your wife has missed it.

By this time the little group of people who had been seeing passengers off were taking great interest in the affair. The railway officials had signaled to hold the train, and it was coming to a stop just across Main street.

Then, while the lame man shrieked, and the people on the platform looked around to wonder which of them he meant when he yelled "Addie!" in that insane way, a railroad man rushed through the door on to the platform and shouted:

"Your wife's on the train!"

The lame man gasped. Then he spoke, only this and nothing more—

"The deuce she is!" and limped off to the train, while every one on the platform went into convulsions.

Again, when you come to think of it, when you have made an imbecile exhibition of yourself because you thought your wife had missed, and made you miss the train, and then find that she had been on hand ahead of you—I say, when you think of it, could that lame man have said anything more appropriate?—*Winnipeg Mirror.*

Precise but Impolitic.

"I want a hair-cut," said the middle-aged man as he dropped into the barber's chair.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "Which one?"

Measured.

McTuff (begging a drink)—Oh, but I'm in a peck of throuble!

O'Grog—That's eight quarts. Bedad, ye've had enough.

That Burning Thirst.

Dashaway—The plumbing in my house broke down the other day and we didn't get any water for twenty-four hours.

Cleverton—How did you manage?

Dashaway—I got along all right until the next morning and then I needed it badly.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

They Knew.

Teacher of Physiology—What ingredient which is highly essential in the composition of the human body does sugar possess?

Pupils (in one voice)—Sand.

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Just one more chance to visit the sunny South for almost nothing, and will only cost ten dollars, round trip, Suspension Bridge to Washington, and if you wish to return via New York it will cost four dollars extra. Train will leave Suspension Bridge at 4.40 p.m. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge, and good for ten days. Through sleepers to Washington, and parties taking advantage of this cheap trip should secure their berths early. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

The Penalty Fits the Crime.

A Philadelphia saloon announces that it serves "a bi-chloride of gold sandwich with every drink."

Rough on the Doctor.

Doctor—How is the patient this morning?

Nurse—Well, he has been wandering a good deal in his mind. Early this morning I heard him say: "What an old woman that doctor is!"—and I think that was about the last really rational remark he made.

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In addition to 75 Handsome Private Boxes containing from four to six chairs each.

Also a space of 300 x 15 feet has been allotted for a promenade immediately in front of the boxes and seats. The stables will be adjacent to the show ring, with accommodation for 300 horses.

The splendid collection of horses (about 200) which Mr. Grand and special expert buyers employed by him have purchased during the past eight months for the Great Annual Spring Sale, which takes place the following week, will be shown in all their various classes, equipped in magnificent new English brass and silver-mounted harness and appointments, together with handsome new vehicles, including four-in-hand drags, T and dog carts, Tilburys, Victorias, etc. The saddle horses, comprising heavy and light weight hunters, ladies and gentlemen's Park hacks, etc., will be shown in the ring and ridden over jumps. All the thoroughly-trained, high stepping four-in-hands, tandems, matched pairs and single dog cart horses, cobs, ponies, etc., will be driven by Toronto gentlemen.

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CLASS 1.—For Thoroughbred Stallion best calculated to improve the breed of horses in Canada—Prize, $150; $80 to first; $50 to second; $20 to third; entrance $2.

CLASS 2.—For best Hackney Stallion (any age)—Prize, $150; $80 to first; $50 to second; $20 to third; entrance $2.

CLASS 3.—Special prize $50 for the most stylish and the best appointed gentleman's pair; turnout to be shown before an appropriate vehicle, the entire outfit and general display to be considered; entrance $2.

CLASS 4.—Coachman's prize, to be competed for by professional coachman in livery; the best performance, style and clever handling a pair of horses and carriage in the ring. Prize, $40; entrance free.

CLASS 5.—For professional coachmen in livery driving a single horse and trap. Prize, $35; entrance free.

CLASS 6.—Hunters' prize, for saddle horse or hunter; best performance over six 4-foot jumps; conformation and general good manners also to be considered. Prize, $50.

CLASS 7.—Queen's Hotel prize, a silver cup kindly donated by the proprietors of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto; for gentlemen drivers only; best and most masterly handling of a pair of horses and carriage in the ring; entrance free.

In classes 4, 5 and 7 horses and carriages will be furnished by Mr. Grand.

Entries close Saturday, April 2

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: Mr. George Torrance, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Major Mead, Dr. Andrew Smith, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Col. Otter, Mr. L. Meredith, London; Dr. McEachran, Montreal; Mr. William Hendrie, jr., Hamilton; Mr. Harry Hamlin, Buffalo; Mr. John Hope, Brantford; Mr. Montague Allan, Montreal; Dr. Greenside, Guelph; Mr. James T. Hyde, New York; Captain Barker, Boston; Dr. MacLean, Meaford; Mr. S. S. Spaulding, Buffalo.

The Pavilion will be brilliantly illuminated by a grand display of electric lights, and the band of the Queen's Own Rifles in attendance each afternoon and evening. No expense or trouble has been spared to make this the most magnificent and popular horse show ever afforded the public in Canada, the intention being ultimately to inaugurate a genuine Canadian Annual Horse Show, which will favorably compare with the Royal Agricultural Society's shows of Great Britain, from whence the importation of many of the best prize animals to our country so large a number of our celebrated horses have sprung. The unequalled reputation our Canadian horses have acquired throughout both America and Europe fully accounts for the ever steadily increasing demand year by year, which fully warrants our belief that Canada will eventually become the greatest horse country in the world.

Return tickets will be issued on all railroads at a fare and a third from any station to parties of eight or more attending the Horse Show.

Also all horses shipped to the city for exhibition at this Show will be returned by the railroads, if not sold, at half-fare.

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The Mackenzie Rebellion.

It is a peculiar thing to see a constitutional government justifying rebellion, endorsing the use of arms in adjusting the domestic difficulties of a state, yet in so many words this was what was done by the Ontario Legislature the other day. The Premier, standing in his place as Attorney-General of the Province, declared that the Mackenzie rebellion was justifiable and that the volunteers who suppressed it were entitled to no pension that was not also extended to the rebels who created the disturbance. It is no new thing for the Reform party to fearlessly accept the reproach of that unrising on condition of receiving the credit of its good influence on subsequent government, but this is the first time rebellion has been officially pronounced by a parliament as the laudable pursuit of good citizens under certain circumstances, more laudable under the same circumstances than the conduct of those other citizens who, belonging to the militia of the country, arose at call of the state and without question successfully defended it according to the oath of volunteer service. Dr. Willoughby's motion was to grant pensions to the volunteers of 1837, and the Ministry retorted through Col. Gibson and Mr. Mowat that the volunteers were entitled to nothing because the insurgents were in the right of it. Supposing that the rebel cause was the right cause—and few will to-day attempt to justify the conditions against which the uprising was directed—how does that invalidate the claims of the volunteers to pensions? Mr. Mowat being a man of peace—but hold! was he not a military man in his youth and did he not carry arms as a volunteer in the suppression of that very rebellion of 1837? This being so, one would suppose he could recall the fact that the volunteers of that day acted solely upon orders and from a sense of duty. But I was going to say that Mr. Mowat, being a man of peace, might perhaps be excused for not knowing that soldiers are not expected to reason why, "theirs but to do and die," confident that if they escape death and only lose a limb the loss will be amply made up to them by a grateful country. The civilian Premier might forget this first principle of military training and be forgiven, but for Col. Gibson, with his commission in his pocket and his sword at his thigh, to forget it, is unpardonable.

It is all right for a man in his capacity as a citizen to have political preferences and to use his most potent endeavors to overthrow a distasteful ascendency, but as a subordinate in the ranks of the militia he is not entitled to preferences or opinions, is not a free agent but an instrument of the state which uses him at discretion and assumes entire responsibility for his acts. To visit displeasure on the soldier for yielding the obedience that he owes, is now, and must always be sworn to yield to the constituted authorities of the state so long as a militia system prevails, is most unjust, and in Col. Gibson was most unsoldierly. In displaying filial regard for his rebel predecessor, and in refusing to justify the volunteers of '37, did he not see that he endorsed the principle that volunteers should rightly mutiny and leave the ranks if in their drill-shed wisdom they disapprove the policy of the state? This would be a queer place for us to land. In effect it would mean that the state would arm and drill a percentage of the people at a cost of one million dollars per annum, who, in emergency, would consult their personal feelings and either defend or attack the state as they saw fit, or join the Quakers and renounce the godless profession of arms. Col. Gibson struck a blow at the very root and foundation of all military organization by introducing the irrelevant question of the right and the wrong of the principles at stake. Disciplined soldiers at no stage of our history have been embarrassed with thinking apparatus, and to this fact is owed much of the honor won by British arms. If the Ontario Government did not feel itself to be the proper body to deal with this pension case, or if admitting its liability it objected to the broad principle of pensions, very well; but to rebuff these old warriors who discharged their sworn duty, no more, no less, because the light of half a century tells us a wrong duty was imposed upon them, is unjust and illogical and is enough to disturb the present equilibrium of our militia service. MACK.

When You Come to Think of It.

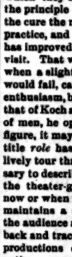
No greater absurdity can be imagined than the reference of Toronto affairs to a Legislature of farmers for approval. That the Ontario Assembly is made up almost entirely of gentlemen from rural parts is true, for of the ninety-three constituencies in it, eighty-five can be called rural and only eight urban; yet to this body must be referred the most delicate desires of men who have made a life study of city government. The Municipal Act, like the British constitution, has developed according to the requirements experienced by the municipalities of the province. Originally it had to do almost exclusively with villages and townships, and therefore whatever provisions it now makes for the government of cities have been inserted from time to time at the solicitation of cities. The Municipal Act is, in short, a constitution for township and village municipalities, and patched up here and there it is made to serve as a constitution for cities. Whenever Toronto meets with a contingency that never confronted Scarboro township, the city is forced to apply for special legislation, because the Municipal Act is primarily cognizant of townships only and cities are treated as extraordinary growths and after-thoughts. Take a case where Toronto is confronted by an emergency peculiar to the increase of its population and the magnitude of its interests, and the aldermanic board finds that complete provision must be made or disaster ensue. The matter is discussed, lawyers consulted, experts called in and paid a dollar per word for contradictory advice; civic officials in England and the United States written to, who reply at elaborate length; and finally after a long indecision over some subtle point upon which those most experienced in city government fail to agree, a petition embodying the approved desires of the city and its experts in the matter is presented to the Legislature. Now comes the absurdity of the thing. A committee of the House receives the petition and sits on it. Just here I might say, that if some of the members of that committee would really and truly sit on the petition according to the common meaning of the word, instead of feigning to study it profoundly, they would probably understand it quite as well. Of necessity the committee is composed almost entirely of men who never had the least experience of city government, and they are required to apply their inadequate ideas to the case and act to the best of their judgment.

Sound sense and upright intention will carry a man through life pretty safely, but in expert and technical matters lack of experience cannot be atoned for by judgment, however clear and good. That committee often overthrows the laborious work of civic officials and the expensive work of hired experts, simply because its members apply town and township experience to the matter before them. It has been the same for years, and the Municipal Act in its present shape is a badly scribbled history of a long and futile attempt to teach an unfamiliar branch of the science of government to a parliament that has persistently refused to see anything new or unfamiliar in it. No man is so deaf to instruction as he who, being supreme in a similar science, conceives himself also master of the other because of its family relationship to his own, and the Ontario Legislature is no doubt unsurpassed in its forethought for rural municipalities, but it refuses to realize its own incompetence to deal with the manifold affairs of this city.

Last week certain legislation was petitioned for by the city and the document was referred to a committee of the House. One of the items referred to Mayor Fleming's plan for allowing police sergeants to dismiss men arrested a first time for drunkenness without submitting them to the disgrace of publicly appearing before the magistrate. Someone suggested that this would place undue power in the hands of the police, whereupon one of the Toronto members remarked that the liberty of the citizen was already liable to come to a sudden end at the caprice of the first policeman who met him. "Tut-tut, you can't arrest a man without a warrant," said James Conmee of Algoma, with great indignation. That principle holds good in the mining regions and along the sidelines, but it is a hoary tradition here. Another item was to secure power to set apart certain streets on which the by-law prohibiting fast driving would not obtain. Up spoke a sporting farmer from the west, "You don't mean to say that a man can't drive as fast as he likes in this town!" Assured that such was the case, his indignation was greater than that of Conmee. If he had his gray mare down here he would see about that, and those who thought they would like to object to how he drove his own horse would have to catch him first, and he'd risk that. On having the rights of pedestrians explained to him, he rather began to see that there was something in it, but he is somewhat indignant to this minute. The request for power to prohibit the posting of obscene placards by theater people was ridiculed, and as one of the morning papers said, was laughed off the paper by the rural members who have a love for art and a passion for circus posters. Dozens of cases could be given involving grave matters treated in the same spirit. The city should have a charter. That is the conclusion that is forcing itself home to all of us. MACK.

The Drama.

R. BILL, that medical man whose fame is dispelling melancholy has been so suddenly achieved and is so substantial, has been using the Grand as a surgery again this week. The success of his treatment when here at the beginning of the season was so great that a host of patients awaited his return, their hopes bolstered by the recommendations of those who had tried him before. Most of the latter also are trying another dose of the specific from which they derived such benefit, no doubt, on the principle that it is unwise to throw away the cure the moment the cough ceases. From practice, and Dr. Bill has a large practice, he has improved in his method since his former visit. That was at the beginning of his career when a slight nervousness, less his treatment would fail, caused him to partially restrain his enthusiasm, but now that his name has displaced that of Koch and Brown-Sequard in the mouths of men, he operates with vigor. To drop this figure, it may be said that Mr. Willson in the title *role* has grown into his part during his lively tour through the States. It is not necessary to describe the idea of the piece, because the theater-going people have seen it either now or when last here. From start to finish it maintains a speed that taxes the faculties of the audience and no time is given one to look back and trace things out. There is a class of productions of this sort from which one gathers a sensation somewhat like that experienced when he has witnessed a horse race in which his horse won.



Rudolph Aronson's Opera Company from the New York Casino is occupying the pretty platform of the Academy for the last three nights of the week with Friday and Saturday matinees. This is one of the best events of the season, and Toronto is giving a fitting response to Manager Kirchner's enterprise in bringing the company here. The Tyrolean and Nanon are two of the latest and greatest successes in New York, if we may rely upon the evidence of the critics of that great city. Those who have seen sweet Marie Tempest before are walking advertisements of her many graces, and this is having its effect—and it is a growing effect. But the company does not depend upon Miss Tempest alone, for with her are Louise Beaudet, Eva Davenport, Drew Donaldson, Fred Solomon, Edwin Stevens, and others of equal merit. Each one of these has charge of a part that calls for talent. This is not a case where one lone star shines in a barren sky, but around it others of little less brilliance are studded, so that the observer meets with a variety of attraction. The Rudolph Aronson Opera Company's visit is too much of an event to be hastily discussed and will therefore be reported in next issue.

*

Manager Sheppard will take his benefit Monday night, when that old loadstone, Roland Reed, will draw the public unto him. Lend me Your Wife is a piece of business in which this favorite actor particularly shines and he may be relied upon to put forth his best efforts Monday night. If, when any season is drawing to a close, Manager Sheppard is entitled to a rousing benefit, it seems to me this is the time. I cannot recall any season when such a uniform lot of good plays have passed in rapid succession across the boards of the Grand, and the opportunity to show appreciation for this should not be allowed to escape.

*

The giving of souvenirs is less common in Toronto than in most of the American cities, and this being souvenir week at the Grand many are unfamiliar with the new feature. At first it was a plan supposed to be the last resort of a manager made desperate by the poor success of his show, but it has during the past couple of years been rescued and made a legitimate feature of theater business, as liable to accompany a good show as a poor one.

*

The sale of seats for the coming performances of A Russian Honeymoon begins on Monday, April 18, at ten o'clock a.m., at the Academy of Music box office. Aside from the artistic possibilities of the piece and those presenting it, the fact that the proceeds are in aid of the Orphans' Home should cause the tickets to sell rapidly.

*

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week the Carleton Opera Company will appear at the Academy of Music, and on Friday and Saturday the Russian Honeymoon, in aid of the Orphans' Home, will be put on. MACK.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Sidney Booth will leave Marie Wainwright's company at the end of the present season. He has been engaged for the Boston Museum stock company next season.

Shelley's play, The Cenci, is to be produced by the Independent Theater of London, under the auspices of the Shelley Society. There is a lively competition among prominent actresses for the *role* of Beatrice.

George Hanlon, who has become a preacher, has not been near a theater on Sunday for three years, and has always given a part of his earnings to charity. In San Francisco he tried to enter the Presbyterian Church, but was not admitted because he was an actor.

In Philadelphia fashionable theater parties have recently shown a preference for the front row in the balcony. There is no question that great effect can be had from such seats from a fashion standpoint. In Eng'and the box tier always go to the balconies. The same is true in most all countries except our own, and recently there has been a disposition shown in some of the cities to follow the English rule. It is predicted that a gradual revolution in this matter is coming to this country. People who go to theaters now want to see something else besides the play. They want to see the audience.

The staff of the Paris Opera numbers in all about two hundred and fifty persons, not counting the mechanics, scene shifters and the army of supernumeraries. There are fourteen regular tenors, eight baritones, eleven basses, twelve soprani, and six contralti, whose salaries aggregate about $200,000 a year, and a good chorus which is paid $150,000 a year, and a large *corps de ballet* costing half as much more. The highest salary is paid to the celebrated baritone Lasalle, who receives $20,000 a year. Mme. Melba is paid $12,000 for eight months' singing, and the others receive smaller sums, ranging down to about $600 a year.

Kate Castleton, whose song For Goodness Sake, Don't Say I Told You is known everywhere, had to come to town and the young men had all been to the theater to see her. One of their associates, a German, who had heard her sing at some previous time, had not gone and the boys told him about seeing her.

"Is dot so?" he enquired enthusiastically, "und did she sing that song, For Heaffen's Sake, Dond Tell Anypoddy Dot I Haf Sait Anything About It?"

The boys assured him that she did sing that song, and he was on hand the next night to hear her.

Thoughts on Noses and Feet.

The family boast or pride! Every family possesses it, and its name is legion, yet in no two instances is it the same. A quality of the mind or a personal feature may be the prized peculiarity. I have now in mind several families that will serve as examples.

One family boasts a certain nose, not necessarily beautiful to the unblinded, but perfect in its overgrown proportions, irregular shape, and monstrous point, or rather, base. Napoleon was wise enough to choose his generals from among the large-nosed.

*

A second family prides itself upon several inherited peculiarities or perfections of features. One of these is also the nose, but in this case it must be well shaped, and small to an extreme degree, however large the face. Another cherished feature is the foot, which must be very small and in tight gear, as an evidence of noble descent, although her present majesty and Chicago are said to have graciously reversed the rule. The third requirement of this family is low stature in its male members. They are "pretty little men." As an evidence of the superiority of their type they remind us that the great Napoleon, in the early part of his career, was dubbed "the little corporal," and "Little Pill" and "Fighting Pill" were interchangeable titles designating General Sherican.

In a third family, not of my acquaintance, but in the British peerage, the pride, which is considerable, hangs upon the lips; they must be sufficiently large to admit the closed hand, the fist, in short, of the family possessor.

The English royal family prides itself upon a full convex cheek, inherited through ten or eleven generations, from Mary Queen of Scotts.

The average outsider is slow to perceive that any one cherished peculiarity, or even several, constitute the perfection of individual beauty. IDRIS.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents must not take up space in our own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MICHAEL.—You are generous, imaginative, affectionate and sincere, self-assertive and not very mature. I think you had better not risk a full delineation yet It would not be fair to you

IRISH GOSSOON.—Your writing has already been delineated. When I have time will hunt up data. Have no idea of doing my work over again because you go out of town Thanks for good wishes. A Happy Easter to you.

MIREILLES.—I hope that is your *nom de plume*. Your handwriting shows strength and energetic nature and persistent effort. You are self-contained and resolute, hard to impose upon and very conscious. Have good self-control rather an erratic temper. A very able and reliable character, slightly lacking in the softer attributes.

GERALD.—You are honorable, careful, rather impulsive, with some imagination, pretty fair judgment, fondness for social intercourse, a pretty good will of your own, pleasant temper and great desire for perfection; you have your fancies, Gerald, but they are not foolish. Doubtless a happy and pleasant maiden, who deserves her many friends.

GRACE.—You are confiding and prone to talk unwarily, rather careless of detail, hasty and unfinished in reasoning and generally careless and deliberation. You are not distinctly practical, but still rather inclined to look out for number one; have vague and fugitive beliefs, and altogether are an unsatisfactory study. The owner of Mount Edgecombe in Devonshire is unknown to me.

ADONIS.—It is worth a study, pretty dear, and that is more than many are deserving. You are a bright, vessel of and sweet-tempered creature with a generous heart and excellent method. You are constant, frank and outspoken, crowned with delightful discretion and good order. Some imagination, tact, wit, sympathy and excellent energy ornament your honest character. My love to you, Adonis. I like you well!

AVALON.—It is really a shame not to have sent you a word of thanks for the little letter which came like a new-fangled Christmas box. Glad you liked the little verse. It was truly true, as she was "one way. A temper, held in subjection by a strong will, is my hearty ideal. Please accept my Easter greetings and when you feel like a word of social chat I shall be glad to get it. How did you like Mam Jule? She is also a fact.

C. D. W., JR.—Your writing shows wit and ambition, rather good enterprise and extreme caution and prudence, very persistent and energetic, slightly given to impulsive and unconsidered action, and would be all the better for tactful and quick work. Your method is handy and you are not very much given to reasoning patiently—prone to rush for results. There are most excellent traits which it would pay you well to cultivate and take time to develop in your lines.

BERYL.—1. Thanks for your kind wishes, which I must return with an Easter caution. 2. It isn't fair to judge from the first half year. I have no doubt it will improve greatly. 3. I have had privileges, but only very slightly. 4. I have, but it is so long ago that I have forgotten if I found it difficult. I don't think so, as languages always come easily to me. 5 If she were my young lady, I should not care to have her do so. 6. Too uncertain for delineation.

UNCLE JOSHUA.—A bit careless, very persevering, somewhat witty, of many moods and excellent will, passable temper, good stability, utterly devoid of duplicity, fond of your own opinions and able to defend a secret; if you could remember to dot your "Fs" and cross your "ts" Uncle Josh, you'd be a model. I'm very glad to know you, and am sure you aren't lazy and congratulate the "family circle" on owning you. Are you ancient enough to be much of an uncle?

CAL.—There is such a quotation. I don't know the author, but think I can turn it up on my first leisure moment. Will let you know as soon as I place it. Your writing shows strong affections, prudence and rather a self-contained nature, strong opinions, but not unreasonable will, some tendency to despond, a plain and honest desire to do right, with noble temper and rather good judgment. You aren't very quick in perception nor sympathetic as a rule, though your nature is kind.

ROSE.—Your letter shows good sympathies, only he did get a delineation before the graphologist quitted this world. Never mind, you can get it just as well now for nothing. You are self-willed, but not unreasonable, fond of fun, a little too fond of your own way, energetic, straightforward, and if occasionally not quite as considerate still rather cranky not complaining. Sufficient discretion without mistrust and rather a pretty dignity, some taste, and will stand patient criticism, social instincts, self-control and some opinions in conversation are visible.

A DISCIPLE OF DOT.—I won't be able to indulge in fanciful delights in your case, you are too accompanied, but your writing gives me rather a pleasant study. You are so bright and handy, and your mind turns little twists of humor and mischief lurk round the corners of your sentences. (You letter is rather cute, too, but the twists and twirls would be just the same if you were a dingy). You are a little fickle, very discreet, sensible and not at all prone to rash judgment or fire where it may not do any good. You are orderly, conscientious and reliable, with capital judgment, fear but not obtrusive will, love of all pretty sights and sweet sounds, rather bright humor and tactful expression. The sweet gifts of intuition, tact and sympathy are yours, and if you would only have as constancy as you do warmly, some one would be lucky. I had to give you that last proof lest too much commendation should make you vain.

SIGNO MELIORA.—Your letter amused me very much. In the first place, I don't know anything about phrenology, and in the least what bearing the various bumps you give me mean, nor do I care if you are cousin or connection of the Queen, nor would it trouble to find out anything about you, even if you were. Do you really think that because I read hundreds of graphological studies which pass through my hands, I ever stop to find out as a matter of ritual? Your writing shows easy temper, great ambition which is not backed up by self-reliance and ability; you are kind, forgiving, persevering, rather visionary, apt to discourse and dream; you have a rather level head, nevertheless, and will be apt to succeed. I should have had pleasure in informing you of your love for beautiful and artistic things, also of your possible leaning towards literature, but as you got the information in first, I needn't. Did you ever refuse the absurdity of first telling your traits to a graphologist, and then asking him to discover them? How ridiculous that was of you!

MATRONYA.—The coupon is just those two words: "Correspondence coupon." How people can credulously do such silly things is beyond me. It doesn't belong to anything else, but stares you in the face as plain as daylight, and yet, every third correspondent sends in a graphological rule along not a line, marks helplessly "I don't find any coupon." It was suggested to me long ago that an ornamental frame round the two words might lighten the view or the sight of my correspondents, but space is not going begging on this paper, and the correspondence coupon stares plain and unadorned, and yet folks can't see it! Now Maybetta, you get that blunder correct of above five hundred times, or you don't feel badly. I just had to free my mind of it! Your writing shows originality, a little temper, nervous energy and decision; you are constitutionally very generous in your affection, but warmly attached to those you honor with your friendship. You are a native of either Italy or Spain in your affections, and probably have strong opinions and some talent. Your ways are open and above board, and deeds and words are fair apart. You can keep your own counsel and are rather clever at perceiving the gist of any matter. A woman who doesn't know her own mind at can't.

SCRAPS.—I should think it a blessed thing for the man that you never write to him. Your letter is rather cantankerous, and I believe men like that very well. Lady Gay must be to convey her thanks for your remark. She is certainly a tangible female, but she doesn't care to be freely handled. I dare say a good many things might be "turned and twisted you that you don't know yourself," but which it might be as well you were aware of. In your next paragraph you assert that any one with common sense knows all about themselves. Now, what can be inferred from the two sentiments? I am so glad you did not decide to destroy yourself. See answer to Ignoro Multum. Your writing shows considerable, some originality, some tact, will, a good mind, though quick sympathy and probably kindness of judgment, curiosity, impulsive action, entire lack of tact and rather a facility for *faux pas*. You are impulsive, quick-tempered, capricious and dogmatic. At the same time you are a well meaning and freeny passenger, who will blunder up to success in spite of yourself, if you aren't careful. The capital Pi, as well as the others submitted, show an utter lack of artistic taste and a crude and uncultured nature. There is much that is likable about you, Scraps, but the savage is there in you yet, and needs taming. I can scarcely believe you are a girl, anyway.

At Easter Time.

For Saturday Night.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time,
The burdened world awaits your chime!
Across the fields of fleeting snow
The vernal zephyrs gently blow,
Bird, breeze and brooklet blend in rhyme
At Easter time.

Ring, blithesome bells of Easter time!
Hearts hear love's choral in your chime:
"The Lord is risen!" Away with fear!
Heaven's glad "Good-morning" draweth near.
The world swings swiftly to its prime
At Easter time.

Ring, hopeful bells of Easter time!
Our souls respond to peal and chime;
The gates of life stand open wide.
No barriers dark, the saints divide,
We join Heaven's harmonies sublime
At Easter time.

THE ELMS, TORONTO. LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

A Thought.

For Saturday Night.

I saw two ships at break of day,
Set out o'er rough uneven way,
Each one's course in the other's lay;
The sails I felt out with mighty breath,
One was called Life and one called Death.

They rode in such proximity
Their double wake I couldn't see
Though gazed I long and earnestly.
Ah, 'tween the boats of Life and Death
Lies but the passage of a breath!

Fair Life struck bravely from the goal
Through storm of wind and waters' roll,
And bore within its hold a soul—
Oft when the billows bowed them high
I heard the soul in anguish cry.

For long I watched them ride that sea.
Life bore herself so gallantly.
Death rode close and shadowy.
Many more ships were by Life hailed,
Many dangers fair Life assailed.

'Mid clash and sound of worldly din
Life struck the land of Doubt and Sin,
And soul's lost in soul within.
Death from that land of darkness drew
Unto itself a frightful hue.

Lo! when eve outstripped the morn
And Life was wearied, bent and torn
From battle with the wind and storm,
They neared a grand, white, dazzling shore
The soul for joy cried o'er and o'er.

Then Death fought Life for victory
And took the soul in custody
And bore it in its ecstacy.
Wearied Life dies easily—
So Death had easy mastery.

I heard a voice of sweetness roll
Forth this grave edict to the soul,
"Thou canst not become truly whole.
While yet thou hast Life's mortal breath,
They who ride here must come in Death." M. H.

An Easter Lily.

For Saturday Night.

I plucked me an Easter lily
And wore it upon my breast,
It spoke to my heart an echo
Of peace and joy and rest.

I gazed at its wondrous beauty
And drank in its fragrant balm,
Till it vanished in a dream and a feeling
Like the words of a beautiful psalm.

Dear beautiful Easter lily,
Thy message to us is brave,
Telling of Christ's glad entrance
To His Father's home above.

ELLA MAUDE.

Lines to Rufis.

For Saturday Night.

Dark is the day that sees no brighter morrow,
Heavy the heart where hope has lost its sway;
Sad is the face whose light, bedimmed with sorrow,
Sees not the chasms of the coming day;
Still through the mists the soul, its faith retaining,
Speaks to the heart and whispers "Hope for aye."

Like as the dove on silver pinions flying,
Seeks out some resting place, a refuge true,
So turns my heart, on wings of love relying,
In trembling hope, sweet Rufis, to you;
Oh, could you star, the hidden way revealing,
Pierce thy retreat and guide me safely through.

HENRI B. SULLY.

Must Hoe as Well as Pray.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor Gray:
"I've worn my knees through to the bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.

"Your corn looks twice as good as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shingle light in the church to shine,
An' tell salvation's free.

"I've prayed the Lord a thousand times
For to make that 'ere corn grow,
And why your's beats is as and climbs
I'd gin a good deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,
In his easy, quiet way:
"When prayers get mixed with lazy hoes,
They don't make farmin' pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are good and tall,
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall
If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil
Along in every row,
An' I work this mixture into the soil
Q'ite vigorous with a hoe.

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost, well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.

"So while I'm praying I use my hoe,
And do my level best
To keep down the weeds along each row,
An' the Lord He does the rest.

"It's well for to pray both night and morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while praying, though,
If an answer you would get;
For prayer-worn knees and a rusty hoe
Never raised a big crop yet.

"An' so, I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win the day,
From ploughing clean to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."

—*Victoria Home Journal.*

Between You and Me.

HAT is the meaning of a pair of yellow garters?" asks a correspondent. "Something about being married before the year is out," she adds, by way of helping me in the solution of her riddle. In a dougerel old almanac I found the following rhyme, which may be what my correspondent is after:

"If you wear a garter blue,
All the year your love is true;
If you wear a garter green,
Envy on your face is seen;
If you wear a garter red,
Shame will make you hang your head;
If you wear a garter yellow,
Love will quickly find its fellow."

This doggerel applied to men of ye olden time, but may be adapted to women in modern days. It is rather a far-fetched fancy, but there is no harm in it. If the gift of a pair of yellow garters hurries up the matrimonial crisis, one might be tempted to send a pair or two where matters seem to hang fire.

*

Talking of weddings, I had such a funny letter from one of my sweetest woman friends a day or two ago, telling me that she was going to be married, inviting me to her wedding, and never remembering to tell me to whom she was about to link her fate. How can I write my letter of congratulation blindfold? She may be tying herself to a widower with half a dozen small fry, or to a mean, horrid man whom I can't bear, or to a minister whose Dorcas and Ladies' Aid Meetings will wear the roses from her cheeks and the music out of her voice. I have my ideas, intuition, guess, who the happy man is, but I may be wrong, and I am afraid to ask if it be he, for fear I am not right. Altogether the dainty little letter from the west was like the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out, and only that the omission by the most orderly and methodical of women whispers of a temporary aberration which can have but one excuse, I should feel cross with the dear thing. Wasn't it funny of her to forget, though?

*

I came across a sentence the other day which has been haunting me ever since, as much for its originality as for the deep truth it contains. "If," says the writer, "I wanted to punish an enemy, I would fasten on him the torture of continually hating someone!" Hate is a strong word, evil, tormenting, devilish, and the man or woman who has even one flourishing hatred in their lives has a canker spot that would mar the fairest fruit. A little more humility, a little more unselfishness, a little more patience would quench what many of us call hatred, but there are hatreds that need more than this to kill them. I remember an old man, near his century, who had disowned his son many years before I knew him. Month after month he brooded over the young man's failings, with bitter and never satisfied wrath. Harder than the nether millstone grew his heart under the continual presence of acrid meditations, and long after health and vigor and mind had failed and faded under the burden of many years, that noxious weed of hate grew and flourished. Just before he died someone more reckless or more earnest than his mates, bluntly asked the scarce-breathing centenarian if he would not see his son, now a feeble old man, too. Up flamed the sluggish blood to his thin cheeks, out flashed the long-nourished venom from his eyes, and with his last breath he said wildly, "*Never.*" That was what came back to me as I read the sentence I quoted at the beginning of this paragraph. It was an illustration of its truth, and only a stronger dose of the poison which wrings the soul of each of us when we hate our brother.

*

The other day, in the rain, a bare-headed girl came to my door with two large baskets. I was reading a letter from a woman in Prince Edward Island, who wrote to ask me to mention the discreditable fact that Canada had not spared of her garnered stores to her starving brothers and sisters in Russia, as the neighboring republic has done, and to beg of our people to do their share. I put down the letter and opened the door, and the bare-headed girl handed me a card, on which I read: "This is a Russian refugee, who is trying to earn her living and that of her little children." Russian has always been a puzzle to me, but I thought perhaps I might manage the bare-headed girl with my very halting German. I wish you could have heard what she told me, and between my anxiety to chase up her verbs and corner them, till I got them translated, and my interest in her, poor, simple-minded creature, I was never in such a stew. In the midst of her story she would nearly make me laugh by suddenly diving into her baskets and holding up a package and saying, in an insinuating tone, "Gutes needles!" And yet, with two pieces of bread a day, she counted herself well off in comparison with her fellow countrymen—"over sea"—who, mad with long privation and desperate in their despair, sell their little ones, sooner than see them die of hunger. Last December, W. C. Edgar, a north-western editor, proposed that American millers should club together to send flour to these starving creatures; the result was what might have been expected from the most lavishly generous nation under the canopy. Not only one great vessel, but two, and soon three, have ploughed and will plough their way to Russia, deep laden with food, no charge for transport, no charge for anything—a free gift from the children of the Eagle to the sons and daughters of the Bear. As I read in last month's exchanges of the great steamers and their arrival at Libau, and the message of thanks that came back—ending with three words from hearts too full for much speech, "God Save America"—I felt like my correspondent from Prince Edward Island, that we Canadians were behind—a long way. Wouldn't some man editor, who isn't in danger of being sat on for a sentimentalist, or even just a woman, take a hint from Mr. Edgar? There are just as generous and just as kind hearts north of the line as south of it, and there is no reason why a ship shouldn't carry Canadian help to those who need it.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Father Meunier, a monk in the Belgian hermitage of St. Thibault, has just completed a journey on foot to Jerusalem and back.

A little English girl of ten, the daughter of Professor Hudson, has rewritten the book of Euclid, supplied it with new examples, and proved all her propositions.

Antoine Juritch of Dresnika claims to be one hundred and thirty years old, but he still works in his vineyard and takes a two hours' walk to church every Sunday.

Viscount Hinton, of the peerage of Great Britain, is grinding an organ in London. His noble father, Earl Poulett, is in danger of going to jail in consequence of chancery litigation.

Bill Nye, the popular humorist, is reported to have cleared $40,000 by his last lecturing tour, extending over a period of six months. Max O'Rell and Will Carleton receive $200 per night for their lecturing services.

Miss Kate Field's bright face does not lose its charm with years, and her merry blue eyes sparkle with their wonted fire when she utters a brilliant repartee or greets an old friend. Her breezy little paper, *Washington*, is managed by women.

Mrs. Frances F. Wood, a Vassar graduate, a trustee of Bernard College, and the wife of a prominent physician, has the figures for the statement that nine-tenths of the children of college-bred women survive infancy—"a record never before equaled in any age, class, or country."

A pair of twins with different birthdays—such is the condition of affairs in the McCoicard family of 618 North street, Chester, Penn. The first twin, a boy, was born a few minutes before midnight, and the other, a girl, delayed her appearance until some time after the midnight chimes had rung.

Dr. Sargeant, director of the Harvard University gymnasium, has figured out from his tables of measurements that he believes to be the proportions of a physically perfect man. A model man is to put his conception in bronze, and it is believed that Greek manly beauty will be nowhere compared with Harvard loveliness.

The Duke of Marlborough's opinion of America and Americans has been widely circulated on both sides of the Atlantic. The duke believes that, though the pleasures of life among the working classes in America are not so varied as they are in Europe, the people are infinitely more contented, though they work harder.

The Queen has just missed seeing and greeting at Hyeres the veteran Louis Cartigny, who was a powder-monkey on the Foudroyant ship Formidable, and was, as a matter of fact, the sole survivor of the battle of Trafalgar. Cartigny was born on Sept. 1, 1791, so that at his death, which occurred on March 21, at Hyeres, he was 101 years old.

The poet Riley is said to be the most affable of literary men, though perhaps that distinction may be disputed by Paul B. du Chaillu, whose reputation for kindliness and geniality is proverbial almost. Riley is an agreeable talker, with a charm of manner that disarms criticism and makes every new acquaintance a friend. The poet is approaching middle life, but time has so far left no wrinkles or marks of care in his face, which is as smooth and fair as a boy's.

Henriette Delabarre, who was chosen by her sister laundresses as their queen to ride in the great Mi-Careme procession, is a young girl of sixteen, whose refined appearance has won for her in the Lavoir Moderne, where she is employed, the nickname of La Marquise. She was educated by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and the good women were greatly distressed at their pupil's election, considering it a long step on the road to ruin. They even went so far as to threaten her with perdition if she accepted the honor, but she refused to give it up.

Mr. Gladstone is a sly as well as a grand old man. He had just served notice on Mrs. Humphrey Ward that he cannot be relied upon implicitly to be used for advertising purposes. It is well known that the great boom of Robert Elsmere was started by the review written by Mr. Gladstone. Mrs. Ward was not averse to his performing a like service for her second novel, and applied to him to write a criticism of David Grieve. He sent in reply a postal card regretting that political exigencies prevented him from complying with the request, and signed it, "Your Grand Old Trumpeter."

Edison has recently been engaged in the development of electric motors for railroads. He believes that the locomotive will be displaced on steam railways, and states that great economy would result from the use of his motors. "Three of them," he affirmed recently, "with a horse power of 10,000 or 12,000 each, would run the whole Pennsylvania Rail. road system between New York and Philadelphia." Full details of his system are not announced; but the current passes from the stationary engine to a central rail between the tracks, thence through the mechanism attached to the bottom of the motor.

Thomas Hardy is clean-shaven, with the exception of a small mustache. He has blue eyes, a high forehead across which lie thin locks of fast-graying hair, and a soft, pleasant, rather hesitating voice and manner. His kindliness and charm of manner and the interest of his conversation go toward making up a personality that makes many friends. The characters in his novels are drawn from the lives and customs of the people living around him at his home near Dorchester, England. This is notably the case with Tess of the D'Urbervilles, which was suggested by an encounter with a descendant of an old Norman family whose downward course had reached the estate of a day-laborer.

With a Red Ticket.

Mrs. Blenkinstein—Oh, my! there is no ventilation in this car, at all.

Blenkinstein—Yot do you vant? A gale of vind for three cends?

"By Wit."

THERE lived, long ago, a mighty king, who had a daughter who was very beautiful. Though the king's dominions were vast for those days, yet the sun hadn't any difficulty in setting on them, and in this age he would probably have been considered a very ordinary king. But of his daughter's beauty there could have been no question, in any age. It attracted many suitors—possibly the goodly kingdom to which she was heiress had some attraction, too. But neither the king nor the princess would give countenance to any suit whatever; the king because he wanted to keep his daughter with him and make her help him run his kingdom when she was a little older; the princess because—well, it's a mean man who asks a girl why she doesn't smile on a suitor. Be her motive what it might, she would have nothing to do with any lover. Though some of the princelings and dukelets got so far as to submit their proposals to the king, not one ever managed to say a word on the subject to her. She would talk languidly about the weather, and the prospect for the crops and the beauty of the scenery visible from the palace windows, and in about five minutes the suitor would be moved to go and make himself part of the scenery aforesaid. This was satisfactory to the king, but, not being sure that he understood her idea in it, he had an uneasy feeling that it might not last forever. So one day—he had discovered a gray hair among the curls on his kingly brow that morning, and had decided that he really must not submit to any more worry—he issued a proclamation to the effect that if the princess ever should marry, he would have her husband beheaded on her wedding-day. Then he betook himself to a light heart, to hunting and fighting and other royal sports, leaving his daughter to freeze her suitors unaided. The princess made a fool's cap for her spaniel out of the copy of the proclamation he had sent her, and felt a passing twinge of regret that she did not wish to marry.

This move of the king's had the effect of thinning, very rapidly, the ranks of his daughter's suitors. Men are foolishly fond of their heads, and they reflected that, after all, there were other women—princesses, even—in the world. So most of them withdrew. But on the other hand, it advertised very widely the princess's great beauty. People heard, in far-off lands, of the strange, lovely lady who would not marry, and of the heavy penalty imposed if she should. Now, in those days, there were men who rather liked a few obstacles to overcome, just to break the monotony of life, before they settled down into benedicts, and to one of these came word of the beautiful maiden princess. This young man, who was a prince, was not greatly attracted by the princesses in his own neighborhood. So he told his father that foreign travel would improve his mind, and that "home-keeping youth"—no, he didn't; Shakespeare wasn't born then. But he got his father's permission to travel, and set out to win his heart and his hand for the sake of a haughty princess.

However, he did not find her haughty; in fact, at first sight of him, she drew a long breath and said to herself, "At last, a sensible man!" and blushed to find herself using a phrase that she had always thought a contradiction in terms. She conversed with him for a whole hour, and her maids of honor noticed that she did not wax languid nor admire the scenery once during the interview. The king got wind of her unwonted behavior and watched the lover as he left the palace, wondering how his head would look detached from the rest of him. For several days the princess smiled on her lover, and, in fact, acted very much as other girls have done in like cases. The king kept silence, relying on his edict, and, besides, the princess had never encouraged him to interfere with her. In a very short time the prince came down to personalities in his converse with the princess. After explaining vigorously the state of his affections, he remarked that, though a rigid moralist might consider he had some duty towards his future subjects, he was willing to take the risk of the king's vengeance, if she was. The princess answered that she was prepared with a scheme that would avoid the risk, and, dropping her voice clear out of her maids' hearing, she unfolded her plan of campaign.

Late that night, when the whole palace should have been asleep, a soft tap was heard on the door of the princess's antechamber. She opened it herself, to the courtly horror of her ladies-in-waiting, who had passed the latter half of the evening wondering why she didn't go to bed. The princess admitted four men, and locked the door behind them. Two were her footmen, the third a priest, and the fourth the prince, her lover. The footmen remained standing by the door to guard against a possible surprise, the prince and princess stood up together near the table, where a silver lamp was burning, and the priest rattled shakily through the marriage service. It was just concluded when they heard a thundering knock at the door—quite unlike the prince's cautious tap. The royal bride, instead of having the door opened, according to her courteous wont, glanced at the clock, whose hands pointed to twelve, and remarked:

"Who's there?"

"I—the king," thundered the royal voice.

"Ah—surely it is not meet that the king should come to his daughter; had he sent command she had gone to him. Such an honor as his visit is unfitting her unworthiness." The king knew his daughter seldom talked unless she had something to say, and he was puzzled. Nevertheless, he violently suggested that she let him in, now that he was there, and the princess, with another glance at the clock, bade the footman admit his majesty. He strode into the room, with half-a-dozen of his body guard at his back. The princess dropped gracefully on one knee.

"I crave your blessing, father; I am wedded," she said.

"I will bless thy wedding day with thy hus band's death, as I swore," stormed the king. The princess got up, without her blessing.

"You can't, sire," she remarked, pointing to the clock. "This is not my wedding day. Even your majesty's power cannot behead a man yesterday." What the king said then, the reporter thought it was not fair to publish. The princess laughed softly, put on her cloak and hat, and remarked to her husband that if his highness's coach was ready they might go And they went. The king walked over to the window and watched them drive off in the moonlight, reflecting that it must have been from her mother the princess inherited her wit.

K. L. JOHNSTON.

To Correggio's Saint Sebastian

Bounded by thy hands, but with respect unto thine eyes
how free,
Fixed on Madonna, seeing all that they were born to see!
The Child thine upward face hath sighted,
Still and delighted:
Oh, bliss, when with mute rites two souls are plighted!

As the young aspen leaves rejoice, though to the stem held
tight,
In the soft visit of the air, the current of the light,
Thou hast the perils of a captive's chances;
Thy spirit dances,
Caught in the play of Heaven's divine advances.

While cherubs struggle on the clouds of luminous, curled
fire,
The Babe looks through them, far below, on thee with soft
desire.
Most clear of bond must they be reckoned;
No joy is second
To theirs whose eyes by other eyes are beckoned.

Though arrows rain on breast and throat they have no
power to hurt,
While thy rapturous face they fall an instant to avert.
Oh might my eyes, so without measure,
Feed on their treasure,
The world with thong and dart might do its pleasure!

MICHAEL FIELD.

Cogitations on Spring.

The would-be poets and poetesses are on the alert as spring approaches, and willing to be inspired. A great many emotions in youth are mistaken for inspiration. It is surprising the number who get the rhyme fever every spring. The poor victimized editor and the overflowing scrap basket (the terror of all youthful aspirants) can tell the sad story of disappointed ambition, and misunderstood and unappreciated genius.

It runs in our family to write poetry. My Aunt Margaret makes beautiful rhyme, but the inspiration only seizes her in the spring and when some one dies, some friend I mean. Several of the family have inherited her genius, but unfortunately not even the hem of her mantle descended upon me. Her poetry, which we never fail to pronounce sublime, runs something like this:

"We shall meet beyond the river,
Where we'll part again, no never,
On the happy golden shore
There we'll walk forever more."

I thought I had the rhyme fever once myself, and visions of the pride Aunt Maggie would feel in such a worthy descendant floated through my enraptured mind. I started off briskly—when one is inspired one doesn't have to dig for the gold—it comes to the surface without forcing. I had always read that real poets could not help being poets just because the verses sang in their heads and forced their way into expression. I thought I recognized the divine essence with which poets are supposed to be supplied in my soul, so I began:

"Oh, the birds begin to sing
In the spring, in the spring;
Oh, the birds begin to sing
In the spring.

Oh, the birds begin to sing
And the fields with music ring
When the birds begin to sing
In the spring."

I never got any further. Just then my muse turned, gave me one sorrowful look and fled, and to this day all my invocations at her shrine have been in vain.

MARGUERITE.

Telepathy.

Telepathy sounds better to modern ears than mesmeric trance or clairvoyance; it has no more substantial foundation. It is an attempt to discover whether it is possible to see without eyes, to hear without ears, to receive or convey impressions without the aid of the special senses. The spirit rappers, the Davenports, the Bishops, the thought-readers, the animal magnetizers, have dropped into darkness and are buried in the mud. Telepathy is a silly attempt to revive in a pseudo-scientific form, such as self-deception of this kind has always assumed, but in a very feeble form, and with very futile and inane results, the failures and impostures of the past. Happily, it is confined to a few, and those, I am ashamed to say, chiefly in this country. It has a feeble and lingering existence, and is undoubtedly destined to die immaturely.

To conclude, then, these delusions, this miracle-mongering, these disordered visions and hysteric hallucinations, this exploitation of the love of the mysterious, these pseudo-magnetic attractions, these sham scientific footings in the air, these fractions of the body, these thought-readings and foretellings, these vain pronouncements concerning unseen worlds and invisible planes of being, these playings on the fears, the hopes, the feeble senses, the eager imaginations, and the ill-balanced reason of the masses, are as old as—nay, apparently older than—history. Sometimes in this, as in other things, we are tempted to ask, "Does the world make any progress, or are we still moving on the same planes and in the same grooves of ignorance and superstition, knavery, folly, and self-deception?"—*Nineteenth Century.*

A Good Work

Cholly—Do you object to cigawettes, Miss Budd?

Miss Budd—Oh, not in the least. They are doing a wonderful service for mankind.

Suits to Hire.

Miss Pinkerton—Miss Pinkerly told me the other night that she had never seen you in the same suit twice.

Cleverton—That's strange. I didn't know before that I had such a variety.

Miss Pinkerton—She was speaking of dress suits.

Good Enough.

Jeweler—These paste diamonds look just as beautiful as the real ones, but they only last a short time.

Young Man—Well. This engagement is only going to last a short time.

A Disappointment.

She—Will you take a part in our theatricals?

He—Aw—really—I—aw—should so like to. What shall I take?

She—Tickets.

A Grasp for Wealth.

Natural Advantages.

Mrs. Mommer—You have a kind look for a nurse; but you are so tall that if you should happen to drop baby he would have an awful fall.

Miss O'Flynn—Niver fear for thot, mum. Say, now, this book was th' baby an' Oi should drop it, loike thot—

—see what a chance av catchin' it Oi'd have afore it reached the flure.

CONSTANCE.

By F. O. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

Full of vague misgivings, Constance found herself at her own door. It was early morning and the household not yet astir. Phœbe, looking very sleepy, with a suspicion of having huddled her clothes on hurriedly, drew back the bolts and admitted her mistress.

"Is all well?" asked Mrs. Armitage, and without pausing for a reply pushed open the door of the dining-room. There, on the mantelshelf, were her own letters addressed to Miss Baillie—unopened. "Oh, what has happened?" she cried.

The poor lady was both startled and alarmed. "Where is Miss Baillie? Send her to me at once."

"If you please 'm she's gone. S'e just packed every blessed thing and took herself off. There isn't a sign of her nowhere." And Phœbe looked around as if perchance a limb or an eye might possibly be hidden somewhere about. "Poor little Miss Eva, she fretted sorely, so I took her round to her aunt and she's been there all the while."

"Good Heavens! What could have possessed her to be absent from her post at such a time! Did she say why she went, Phœbe?" The girl's face grew scarlet and she rolled the corner of her apron between her finger and thumb nervously.

"Well you see, 'm'am, we none of us knew whether you'd come back here or not, and I suppose that having her living to get she has to be particular as to where her situation is, and if you please, ma'am, I'm all alone except my cousin, who've been staying with me, I were that lonesome of a night. Cook, she's gone too."

"Were they all bewitched?" cried Constance, staring blankly into the pink abashed cheeks of the little serving maid.

"But I couldn't do such a mean thing as to go off, too," continued Phœbe, evidently taking great praise to herself for the excellent thing she made.

"I made up my mind that no matter what you was I'd just bide till you come home."

"What I was! Kindly explain yourself." Constance felt that she was pale and cold and numb. Her heart beat dully and her senses seemed dazed.

"Well, it ain't a nice thing for me to talk about, but when you went off with Lord Hardstock we none of us knew—good lord, she's dead!"

Constance had fallen from her chair in a dead faint. When she came back to life Phœbe was sobbing wildly, smacking her hands smartly, and had evidently emptied the contents of a pitcher of water upon her, for she was dripping wet. With an effort she pulled herself upright, and presently was able to walk upstairs to her own room. Phœbe waited for her in silence, save for an occasional sob, as quickly stifled.

When the clinging draperies were removed, and Constance was beginning to feel more like herself, she said kindly to the girl:

"My poor Phœbe, you must not remain any longer in this frightful error into which you have fallen. Lord Hardstock—Lord Hardstock accompanied me to Dover the night I left home, because it was late for me to travel alone. I received a telegram which you yourself brought me from a—a dear friend who required my presence at once, and I had barely time to catch the train. I have been by a sick bed ever since, and his lordship returned to town the same night."

"Then you—you didn't——"

"Hush, for pity's sake!" Constance held up her hand appealingly. The shameful suspicion must not be put into words. She could not bear it.

"Well I never!" Phœbe drew a long breath and then once more dissolved in tears. "What a wicked girl cook and me have been," she sobbed inconsequently, and however shaky the grammar might be, there was no doubt whatever about the regret in Phœbe's honest heart.

"Go and make me a cup of tea," said her mistress, longing to be alone.

And Phœbe went, but was terribly disappointed to find that Mrs. Armitage barely put her lips to the cup, and set it down again without drinking it.

"Has—has anyone called since I have been away?"

"No, ma'am; I think not."

"No one—not a gentleman?"

"Yes, to be sure—you hadn't been gone half an hour. Miss Baillie, she saw him in the drawing-room. He didn't call again. I can get his card in a minute."

"No matter. I know who the gentleman was. Was there no message? Oh, you say Miss Baillie saw him. Have you her address?"

"That I haven't. We were all in too much of a stew to think of it. She's never been near the place, ma'am, since, and she looked that bad and ill when she went she might have been a ghost. Poor thing, she were that."

"I think you must all have taken leave of your senses," said Constance haughtily, as the actual meaning of it all came home to her. "In an hour's time you shall take a note round to Clarges street. I must see my sister."

And within a very few minutes after receiving the few cold terse lines which Constance despatched to that lady, Mrs. Strangways had tied her bonnet on and was ready for departure.

She entered Constance's room hastily, but after Phœbe's description of her mistress' condition she was considerably taken aback when Mrs. Armitage folded her hands together and refused to shake that of her sister, motioning her to a chair but standing herself.

"No," she said haughtily. "If you have believed this vile thing that has been whispered to—if you could have found it in you for one single moment to give ear to such abomination, you are sister of mine no longer. Speak, Rebecca."

Mrs. Strangways looked extremely uncomfortable.

"My dear Constance, there is no use in riding the high horse," said she. "You must acknowledge that the whole affair looked strange. You laid aside your widow's weeds and appeared in muslin and laces. Lord Hardstock was invited to dine with you *tête-a-tête*, and you went away together, leaving not the faintest word of explanation of your so doing. Moreover, there has not been a line from you since to any of us. What was we to think."

"And you—my sister, who have known me from my babyhood, could so misjudge me! God forgive you, Rebecca."

"I did not believe that—that you had really—I mean, I supposed, of course, that you would return as Lord Hardstock's wife," amended Mrs. Strangways appealingly. Constance's lip curled.

"You did me that scanty justice? I suppose I ought to be grateful to you. Now, after condemning me unheard, have the goodness to listen to my justification of what, after all, however black it might appear, was the most natural thing in the world. To you I may tell the truth, but to others, for the sake of the poor erring girl herself, I must be dumb." And Mrs. Armitage told the tale of Daphne's flight, her appeal to her sister-in-law, her subsequent illness and reconciliation with her husband. As Rebecca listened a little quiver passed over her face.

"I was wrong," she said humbly. "But, oh, Constance, when the days went by and you made no sign, I did—I confess I did believe evil of you. It seemed such an extraordinary thing that you should have left your home with Lord Hardstock in the way you did. You will forgive me, sister?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so." Constance spoke drearily. Her heart felt breaking within her. What had she done to deserve such ignominy?

"You have heard nothing of Miss Baillie? She was in a dreadful hurry to leave the house, where, at least, she invariably met with kindness and consideration, but as Phœbe reminded me she had her character to consider."

"No, not a word. She never so much as bade good-bye to Eva, who has been happy enough with me, and is a more docile child than she used to be."

And then Constance broke down. She laid her head on the cushions of the sofa and wept bitterly.

"Let her come to me," she said. "My darling—the one thing on earth I have to love and cherish! She at least will not wrong and misjudge her mother."

"Constance, you must make allowance," pleaded Mrs. Strangways. "We none of us wanted to think ill of you, and a few words would have prevented it all."

But Constance wept on. There was a horrible dread upon her, which she could not give voice to—a foreboding of what was yet to come.

"What became of Lord Hardstock after you left, I wonder?" asked Rebecca. "He has not been heard of at the Albany—Mr. Strangways went to make enquiries."

"I don't know; he made no mention of his movements to me, and I was not in the very least degree interested in them. O, Rebecca, you must have to me a dream—a nightmare—instant that I had left my home with him!—a man whom I loathe and despise—a man who, as you well know, I have refused to marry. The thing carries denial on the face of it."

Poor Mrs. Strangways could only miserably reiterate her former plea that "it looked very strange."

That night Constance fairly cried herself to sleep, with Eva's soft little body pressed closely in her arms. Never had she felt so desolate, so sad. The days wore away, and Miss Baillie made no sign, nor was there any news of Lord Hardstock.

Constance both looked and felt ill. Her limbs ached, and she seemed weighed down, dragging herself about with difficulty, her head throbbed so that she could scarcely see. Rebecca came every day to see her, and made no secret of her uneasiness, but Constance declared that nothing was amiss.

"It has been an awful shock to her," said Rebecca to her husband; "really, she seems to feel it more than that disgraceful affair with Cyril."

"Perhaps there is more yet to learn," remarked Mr. Strangways, fondling his chin and looking away from his wife's head.

"Now that is so like you; you do love to be vague. What more can there be to know?"

Mrs. Strangways spoke irritably. Had she not sifted every vestige of detail, and was it very likely that anything of any importance could have escaped her? Rebecca, as we know, prided herself on being able to see as far through a brick wall as anybody. But this time she met with a surprise.

"If Constance was not expecting Lord Hardstock to dinner that night, who was to be her visitor?" asked Mr. Strangways quietly.

"Upon my word, I never thought about it. Who could it have been?"

"She did not tell you, I presume?"

"No, I am sure she did not, or I should have recalled it. Constance has so few visitors."

"Your sister had exchanged her mourning dress for white, left off her widow's cap, in a word, proclaimed to her household that she was a sorrowing widow no longer," continued Mr. Strangways in a level voice. "Someone was invited to a *tête-a-tête* repast, which she was prevented from enjoying by the arrival of Daphne's inopportune telegram. To my mind the whole thing lies in a nutshell. In this case *le premier homme* and you will have the key to Constance's ill-health and moody depression of spirits."

"I should not wonder if you are right," murmured Rebecca, and after that she sat lost in thought for a long time. Who could Constance's visitor have been? And at length her curiosity got so much the upper hand of her, that a day or two later she put the question point blank to her sister. They were sitting in Constance's pretty drawing-room together, and Eva was playing on the hearthrug with some new bricks, building a house determined to fall into ruins as her mother's *chateau d' Espagne* had done.

Constance did not color nor did the hand that held the needle tremble in the slightest. She lifted her head and met her sister's gaze unflinchingly and with a steady stare that somewhat nonplussed Rebecca.

"I prefer not to say," she remarked quietly.

"In Heaven's name, why not?" Rebecca was a very daughter of Eve, and resolved not to be baffled. Constance had no right to keep secrets from her, secrets of such a nature. She felt unreasonably vexed and pressed the point persistently.

"My dear Rebecca, I object to discuss the subject."

"Well," cried Mrs. Strangways, fairly losing her temper, "if you choose to remain silent you must abide by any conclusion we may come to regarding the matter, and have only yourself to thank if we misjudge you."

A wan smile flitted across Constance's face. "That would be dreadful—I fear I should never survive it," she said, and suddenly astonished her sister by laughing aloud, a harsh discordant laugh that had no music in it.

"For the future I walk my own way," she added. "Since rectitude of conduct and a perfectly blameless life count for nothing in the estimation of my friends, they can now take me as they find me, and whether they praise or blame it will be all one to me, for I am absolutely indifferent in the matter."

And Mrs. Strangways went back to Clarges street with her curiosity unsatisfied but more assured than ever that her husband's words had been solid chunks of wisdom, and that there was a good and sufficient reason for Constance's reticence.

CHAPTER XL.

Many men can hardly realize how difficult it is for a woman to take the initiative. If Basil St. Quentin had left but a written line, although it had been but of the bitterest reproach, it would have been easier to meet and fight than utter silence.

That he, too, believed her guilty, Constance was sadly forced into perceiving, and the knowledge almost broke her heart. True, there was nothing between them, no vows on either side to bind, and yet he had asked her to be his wife and she had not said him nay. He must have known that she loved him. Was he still in London, or had he returned to Paris? Racked with doubts and misery, the poor soul penned a note to Daphne, in which she asked if she had heard anything of St. Quentin, and when the reply lay before her her hand trembled so much that she could hardly open it. Alas! Her worst misgivings were realized. The man she loved had gone to America.

"No one knows why," wrote Daphne. "He sent a message for all his belongings, gave up his rooms, and started there and then. But he always was an erratic fellow."

The letter fell on Constance's lap, and bitter tears forced themselves to her eyes. So this was the end, and the leaf might be doubled down and turned over. Life looked very gray and sad to the disappointed woman.

Two months dragged themselves away and then Lord Hardstock re-appeared on the scene. He strolled leisurely into Mrs. Strangways' drawing-room as if it were but yesterday since he was last there, and Rebecca stared at him as if he were a ghost.

"You!" she cried. "Where under the sun have you been?"

I wonder how often we speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Very rarely, I imagine. At all events, his lordship had not the faintest intention of enlightening Mrs. Strangways as to his reason for remaining *perdu* and leaving home for so long, and therefore replied with an airy pretense of nothing unusual, which in no way deceived that lady.

"I owe you a thousand apologies," he said. "I expect to find I am in disgrace with all my friends, but I am a bad hand at letter writing, as you well know. I have been at Greystone with two or three fellows."

"For all this time?" asked Mrs. Strangways severely, for she did not in the very least believe this pleasing little fiction.

"Well, not the whole of the time since you and I met, certainly. You remember, I dare say, that I had the pleasure of accompanying your sister part of the way on her sudden journey to Amiens. On my return I met an old chum, who asked me to join him on a walking tour, which I did. We had bearish weather, and the whole thing was a fiasco. Never was so vexed with myself in my life. My friend wouldn't turn back, and I could hardly leave him alone, so we managed to get through three weeks of utter martyrdom, and look as if it were the most delightful thing in the world to get wet through to the skin, at least once in every twenty-four hours, with every bone in our bodies aching. But it came to an end as everything must do, sooner or later, according to the law of compensation, which, if it cut short our joys, mercifully puts us out of our troubles as well, and then I went down to Greystone to recruit, and—well—here I am."

Mrs. Strangways was puzzled and remained silent.

"Now, tell me all the news," cried his lordship. "In the first place, how is Mrs. Armitage?"

"Not well, I am sorry to say, but she has had enough worry to account for it. That ungrateful girl, Miss Baillie, ran away the very day after she went to Paris."

"You surprise me! Ran away! When did she go? It is strange I have heard nothing. Really, I begin to think there must be something a little wrong here," he continued, tapping his forehead significantly. "You remember how oddly she acted once before?"

"I do. It is a great pity that you should have recommended a young person of whom you knew so little to my sister, Lord Hardstock."

"You cannot regret it, my dear madam, more than I do. But what little acquaintance I had with the girl warranted me in believing her to be in every way suited to what Mrs. Armitage was requiring at the time. She has not behaved well, certainly."

"We will not discuss the matter. It is not a pleasant subject. I do not suppose we shall ever hear of her again."

Devoutly did his lordship echo that wish. On the following day he called at Kensington but, a good deal to his chagrin, he was not admitted.

"Mrs. Armitage is seeing no one to day," he was informed, and although he scribbled a hasty line beneath his name and sent it up to Constance in blissful confidence that she would be relaxed for him, he had to go away disappointed.

"Mrs. Armitage regret'ed that she was unable to see Lord Hardstock."

"Is she ill, Phœbe?"

Phœbe cast down her eyes demurely and answered that she did not know, but looked wardly fuming, his lordship went away. At the end of the week he called again, but again Constance was not visible. Two days later he made the attempt once more, and this time it began dimly to dawn upon him that Mrs Armitage did not desire to see him and the suspicion settled and wounded him. The moment he reached his chambers, he sat down and wrote a note, in which he expressed his surprise at the reception he had met, and asked for an explanation.

By the next evening's post he got it.

"Scandal had coupled their names together in a most unpleasant way," Mrs. Armitage wrote, "and she was therefore reluctantly obliged to ask Lord Hardstock to discontinue his visits to Kensington."

Nothing could have been colder or more terse.

"She suspects." Beneath his thick mustache his lordship uttered an unparliamentary word. By and by he betook himself to Mrs. Strangways for sympathy.

"I am not surprised that Constance has turned the cold shoulder upon you," said that lady, "although in my own opinion she is acting in the most absurd manner. But still, considering everything——"

"I am entirely in the dark, remember. Will you be good enough to enlighten me as to what I am accused of, and how through my instrumentality Mrs. Armitage's good name has suffered?"

And Mrs. Strangways briefly narrated the actual facts. Lord Hardstock appeared deeply concerned. "It is abominable that such a report should have been circulated," he cried, "but don't you think it is a little hard that the blame should rest upon me, and that I, wholly innocent as I am, must pay the penalty?"

"I do," replied Rebecca, pulling at her thread so angrily that it broke; "but it is not with me you have to deal, and Constance is made of different stuff altogether. I think she says she will not permit your visits you may rest assured that she will keep her word, for she is as obstinate as a mule when she gets a fancy into her head."

"But a word or two from you," insinuated Lord Hardstock.

"I will do my best; but I tell you candidly that I have not the faintest hope of succeeding. Constance is as hard as granite with me, as with the rest of the world, and as cold as steel. Why do you love her?" she asked, suddenly raising her eyes and looking full into his face.

"I confess I cannot understand it. She never has and never will care for you. She is absolutely incapable of appreciating the sacrifices you would make for her. She is not a pretty woman—not exceedingly pretty; she is not——"

"She is the most tantalizing and vexatious woman God ever created. I love her for herself, because she is Constance. I can say no more. I love her because she is pure and good, and miles above any other woman I ever met." Lord Hardstock seized his hat and a minute later had hailed a hansom and was driving rapidly away.

And where was Emily—erring, broken-hearted Emily? Her first impulse was to go away, where she would not be reminded of her lover's falseness and treachery, so she packed her boxes, and as one in a dream left the home where she had spent so many quiet, peaceful, if not actually happy months. Her life seemed to have come to a sudden stop, and it was difficult to take up the broken threads and weave them now.

She had been tricked, hoodwinked, and used as a tool to further Lord Hardstock's vile schemes. She wept and wrung her hands and beat the air with her fists in impotent rage. Emily was eminently practical, and her grief and anger did not prevent her counting over the contents of her purse to find how large a sum stood between her and starvation.

"I can't work, the energy is gone out of me," she cried bitterly. And for days she was in a sort of stupor, hardly moving; eating when driven to it by sheer hunger; sleeping when fatigue weighed down her eyelids—dazed, stupefied. And then she roused herself. She still had her voice, and although she was out of practice, that could soon be remedied. She hired a piano and set to work at once, and before a month had passed over her head she had secured an engagement at a pound a week.

But it was dreary work. Ambition was dead within her. When they praised the rich, sweet tones, she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. What did it matter? She would die if she did not work; her voice was a means of support, therefore she sang. She cared nothing at all whether the talent she possessed was appreciated or no. She was simply a machine to grind out work adequate to the sum paid to her. Her beauty was going fast. Her cheeks were hollow, and lines had traced themselves upon her face, and her brow was wrinkled. She would not allow her thoughts to dwell upon the past, and shrank from anything that might bring it to her memory, forcing herself to live only in the present—the loveless, joyless, awful present. Truly it was Death in Life.

"And I may live fifty years longer. O, my God, have pity upon me!" cried the wretched girl.

One night, when her work was done and she was starting for what she called "home," it began to rain, big drops plashing on the pavement.

"I cannot afford to be ill," reflected Emily, and she hailed a passing omnibus and got in. At the further end sat Dr. Dale. She would have retreated, but he was too quick for her. He seized her hand joyfully.

"What a lucky accident," he cried, his face aglow with surprise and pleasure. Well, she might as well sit down. Fate was too strong for her. She sank into a place next to his and ceased to struggle. By and by she had no longer the wish to do so, the kindly voice, the gentle words full of interest in her, pregnant with feeling and sympathy—they were very grateful. She turned slowly and involuntarily looked up at him. How strong, how manly, how handsome he was! And yet with all the perversity of her sex, she had bestowed not so much as a grain of affection upon him. Almost she could find it in her to be a little pitiful, with an odd sort of self-pity.

"Where are you living?" he asked.

She told him, although she had made up her mind that she would not do so.

"And you are happy?"

"No," with a little quivering sigh. "I can never be happy again."

It passed over the despairing words as if he had not heard them, but they had sunk deep down into his heart. "Poor, friendless girl," he was thinking, as she held out her hand in farewell.

"This is my corner—I get down here. Good-bye."

"I am coming with you." And again she made no protest. In silence they walked, side by side, until she reached her own door.

"I secret is safe with you. You will give my address to no one?"

"You have my word. Good-night, child."

"Good-night. God bless you."

There was something like a tear in Emily's eye as she ascended the rickety little staircase to her own room. But on the morrow she took herself to task. How impudent she had been. What could have possessed her to reveal her whereabouts? She could no longer count on seclusion and privacy. True, she might leave the neighborhood. But she did not do so. And when each night as she turned the corner of the street, she walked leisurely and slowly to her door, perhaps there was a little disappointment in her heart.

And yet it could not have been Dr. Dale who half hoped to see, because he had herself extracted a promise that he would not annoy her in any way.

(To be Continued.)

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He—Yes. She can lower her hat.

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Friend—I say, Nickerbox, I hear that Miss Richpop has thrown you over for that chap she's talking with. What did you let him cut you out?

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The Siwash Maid.

At the north, far away from guide book indications, is a short railroad line, following through marshy lake shores hedged in lines of green rushes topped with feather brown blooms bending and trembling to the movement of frivolous little waves; out into patches of cultivated valleys, tucked under and shadowed by mountains of fir and pine trees, whose dense depths are broken in tiers by the airiest veiling of pearly mist, opening the varying green and gray fastnesses and appearing to uphold giant trees by fairy power; on through a roughly hewn forest, enclosing acres of charred trunks of great height, reminders of a destructive fire—altogether this scene might be some hobgoblin etching, so fantastic are the forked and blackened branches which form the background for the careless work of a less picturesque destroyer. Out of half-sawn stumps immense splints, from the fallen parent trunk, point sharply upward like wraiths shrieking for redress.

The mournful toots of the locomotive seem, to the dreamer, to voice the sorrow of the surrounding desolation, though, in fact, a crossline station is the real cause of the continuous steam prelude. This place is as interesting as any other of the kind. Scattered about are the same odds and ends of humanity, and the same commotion at train time, which mean to all settlers in out-of the way places the objective point of the day's pleasure.

Never will a lounger move from the sustaining side of the station house to explore the interior of a car. There is sufficient diversion for him in staring at the windows from his post of observation. Always, as now, some big country girl, with sunburnt locks and a stippled complexion, flirts with ponderous earnestness at the trainmen, while others, quite as coquettish in spirit, copy giggle at the daring of their leader.

More whistling, a mixed view of fleeting hop-poles, rail-fences, earth, stumps, and rocks, appearing and falling away, and then the delightful, exhilarating consciousness that the topmost point of those towering timber-slopes is reached, and a single forgetfulness is stealing into the mind until the sky-world of misty softness becomes lost in long stretches of spreading branches, distorted from their primitive grace by lumpy cushions of moss enclosing every twig and bough. Swiftly winding on over twistings of shining track, above deep canyons cradling tiny waterfalls and glinting brooks, until an outburst of bell-clanging, shrill whistling, a jerk of the train, sudden quiet, and a station outside tell of the end of the trip, though the engineer runs his train into a cool and shady spot a little ahead, where it may be easy and comfortable for several hours.

The station is a rickety shanty, displaying lemonade and ice cream legends over the front door. There is not a single other mark of civilization. Extravagant waste of opportunity—what a massive slab of shining rock opposite for something pretty in soap or baking powder ladies; with all those drooping vines cut off, a taking and effective advertisement would show up finely.

Something painted does at last come into view; a huge pink index finger, pointing to a sign which reads:

FOR BEST VIEW OF FALLS
CROSS TO OTHER SIDE.

A plank leads out to the edge of a cliff, several hundred feet above a mass of curling mist. "The other side" is about an equal distance away; so the problem of managing a scientific expedition into unknown quantity without the necessary appendages, has to be abandoned.

The air is tingling with repeating sounds of hush, hu-sh, caught up by the breeze through the forest, swelling and diminishing with every waving of the foliage. Below, the mists are looped by interlacing rainbows and occasional glimpses of a stretch of falling waters show through the thickness.

"If yer wouldn't mind givin' a quarther to Jamesie there, he'd be afther takin' you across beyant," called a voice from the direction of the shanty.

Here, then, was the possessor of some instrument requiring spacious space; though after stumbling along over a rocky bank for some distance, the key to the difficulty proved to be an old flat-boat, propelled by a wetness and quantities of clothes-line strung through the trees on opposite sides over a wide, placid seeming stream, not more than a few feet deep.

"Jamesie," notwithstanding his name, looked a full-bred Indian lad. After first collecting the round-trip fare, he unwound some clothes-lines by a turn of the wheel, the odd ferry made a lazy swing, and it lolled along through water of icy clearness to the promising "beyant."

Slippery narrow trails run uphill into a delightful ferny forest, sweet with woody scents of pine and cypress. Shimmering tints of yellowy lights flit on delicate green vines which overhang the way. The path becomes steeper and muddier; all at once there is a thunderous roar, the earth vibrates for a short distance, the trail turns and is lost at the foot of a magnificent maple growing from the edge of the bluff. The opening thickets uncover a column of snowy loveliness.

Darting, powdery arrow-heads tumble in masses where the stream drops over an abrupt precipice into undiscovered depths directly below, leaving but a demure little river to trip over the rocky bottom of the gorge. The fascination of seeing unceasing rolls of downy fleece form from the advancing water above, is indescribable.

"Kla-how-ya!" a Chinook greeting, rings out repeatedly through the woods. It is the dusky pilot who calls; being evidently moved by a pecuniary instinct to linger no longer on the visitors' side, away from the chance of trade, he continues calling, each time becoming more and more hard and business-like.

"Two-bits" is a trifle cheap for a special round trip and a rhapsody; so I hasten past all the alluring sights down to the boat, which is about to start.

Midway over, rising above a semicircle of fringing pinnacles at the upview, a mountain tinted in soft rosy and violet hues grandly overlooks the delicious revel of nature beneath his majestic view. The regular creaking of the ferry-wheel is the only disturbing sound.

I was curious to meet a wild man of the woods, the local hermit, or whatever strange creature it was who spoke only from ambush; and, while I was peering through the branches, an old man came toward me, carrying a basket filled with Indian work. Quite close, under a picturesque wickiup, was squatted a sad-looking *klootchman* deftly braiding strips of brown and yellow bark into a long mat, and muttering while she worked.

I asked the old man what she said.

"*Mo-ash chie tum-wa-ta ni ka tenas Mimie*—wicked watherfall, me little Mimie, an' it's good raysin to be a-moanin' an' moanin' over ag'in an' ag'in. Four year ago the comin' summer, me, Jamesie, the ould woman, an' Mimie—me darter, ma'am, God bless her—lived in a bit of a cozy shack behind thim woods on the road to the big hop ranch. Sure, thin, you d'a' thought this place wuz hiven itsilf.

"You see, Injuns is the ould b'y himsilf whin unther the influoince—savin' yure prisince, ma'am—an' whin the saints sint thim for the hop-pickin' be the carload, the salooners wuzn't far behind in followin' wid lots uv the craytheer for pay nolghts. Lo an' behold you, thare wur wold times of a Sathurday avenin' down to the camp, ma'am.

"Well, you knows how gurrula do be, ma'am. Now whin Oi first set me eiks on the ould woman thare—let me think, wuz it in sixty-three or sixty-four? Yis, it wuz in sixty-folve whin Oi landed in Victhoria for the Hudson Bay Company, ma'am. Sure an' she wuz standin' on the dock a-throwin' foine looks at me, a' it's mesilf who made thim back. Now, a' I'm mesilf who made thim back. Now, whither Mimie tuk most afther me or the mother, it's hard tellin.' Here's her pictur, see fur yuresilf. Jamesie lanes to the Injun side an' no misthake, sure.

"Anyhow, whin the bucks got a gallavantin' an' dancin' around, Mimie ups wid hersilf an' shows thim a nate step or two, takin' frum her dad's side, ma'm, if it is mesilf what sez it. An' such courtin' a goin' on! Sure it's no lie Oi'm spakin', but ivery mother's son uv the young wans got a-fightin' fer me gurrul.

"Tahl-kir, wan uv the ring-leaders uv the goin's on, come a-tearin' on horseback down to me shanty wan nolght, a yellin' an' shoutin' fer Mimie, just loike a wild divil.

"'Mimie, sez Oi, 'don't you lave this room. Oi'm a-thinkin' this flirtin' is afther gittin' too rampageous.' Oi goes out, an' me an' Tahl-kir had an understandin' loike.

"Whin Oi goes back, nayther holde nor hair uv the little gurrul did Oi see, an' the ould woman wuz snorin' an' sound asleep.

"'Arrah, you rascal,' thinks Oi, 'yure off in the canoe or Oi'm a-lyin.' Sure the bit of a boat wuz gone from the rocks back uv the shanty. 'So that's what yure up to, me lady—an' off Oi put fer the landin'; just here, ma'am.

"Oi wuz howldin' a lantirn fer to see wid, whin—down Oi wint on the flat uv me back, an' a couple uv fightin' Siwashes a-kickin' me an' lavin' me more dead than alolve. Such a hollerin' the divils kept up! This Oi hears Tahl-kir scr'amin', 'Mimie, *kloshe nannitah!*—Mimie, take care!' over an' over ag'in, loike a wail.

"Jamesie found me here the nixt mornin' an'—"

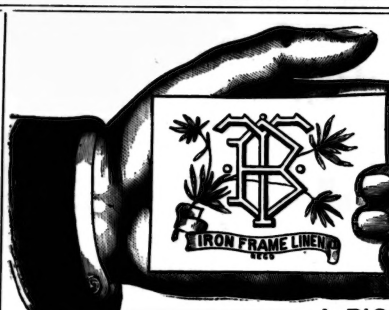
"*Klootchman, hyak, hyak!*" ("woman, hurry, hurry!") screeched Jamesie from the bank above, and I had a sharp run to catch the train.

In arranging some mats I had bought, the small tin-type Mimie's father had given me to look at fell from my hand. The half-wild eyes seemed fear-stricken—just as they must have looked when the swift current left your small paddle useless, poor little one! The face grew more sweetly pathetic, and, in the tarns of the vapory cataract, I fancied a slender figure, wrapped in sweeps of cloudy softness.

I felt that the poor old people were sorrowing for having lost the picture. I could not go back to return it, neither could it be mailed with a certainty of reaching them. The old man was so like many other "squaw-men," the postmaster might not trouble to make inquiry among them. My careless forgetfulness distressed me greatly.

Finally I determined to ask the conductor of the train to assist me in my trouble and take charge of the picture. I described the father to him, and repeated the sad story.

"I'll go down there and look him up, mies, but I'm pretty green about this here country. Just the same, if the old fellow is around, I'll give it to him. Just hand the gal over. Well! if that don't beat all! As sure as my name's Billy Davis, if that isn't Indian Maine, song-and-dance artist at the Comique, down in Frisco!"—*Therese M. Robertson, in the Argonaut.*



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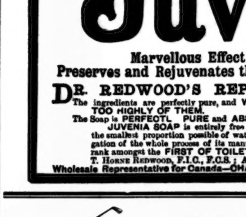
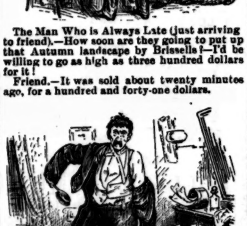


On his way (half an hour late) to keep an engagement with a party of friends, for a pleasant horseback ride up the road.

The Man Who is Always Late (just arriving to friend).—How soon are they going to put up that Autumn landscape by Brissells?—I'd be willing to go as high as three hundred dollars for it!

Friend.—It was sold about twenty minutes ago, for a hundred and forty-one dollars.

This shows him, at 8:30, dressing for a dinner party, at which he was due at 8 o'clock.



When he started for Europe he didn't get there.

Frigid Forever.

H. R H.—What! How dare you serve me cold roast for dinner?

Traveling Attendant—Your Majesty, it was impossible to warm it.

H. R H.—What brand is it?

T. A.—A female missionary from Boston.

Pleasantry Under Adverse Circumstances.

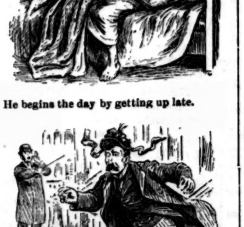
Ward Surgeon—What's th' trouble with you? Patient—I wor near killed wid kindness, sor.

Ward Surgeon—How was that?

Patient—I wor run over wid an ambulance, sor.

The Man Who is Always Late.

He begins the day by getting up late.



Ne'ghbor.—Hi!—you've got on your wife's bonnet!

The Man Who is Always Late.—Can't go back, now; I ought to have been down-town an hour ago!

Frightened Off.

Tramp—Good mornin', mum. Is yer husband ter home?

Ancient Lady—I never had a husband.

Tramp—I don't see no dog here.

Ancient Lady—I never kept a dog.

Tramp—I s'pose some o' yer male relatives lives with ye.

Ancient Lady (suddenly regarding tramp closely and suspiciously)—N-o; but I ought to have a man around to—

Tramp (hurrying away)—Woo! I fergot this was leap year.

Leap Year Privilege.

Amy—Your presumption, sir, is amazing.

George—Then you reject my love?

Amy—No, sir; but you might have had the decency to let me propose. What will the girls think?

IMPORTANT TO NOTICE.—When the skin is burnt by the sun the Persian Lotion promptly restores its freshness, and rosy hue, by adding a teaspoonful every morning to the water used for the toilet.

Familiar With It.

Eminent Physician—You have the grip.

Old Gentleman—Well, well! That's what it is, eh!

Eminent Physician—Yes, sir. You never had it before, I presume?

Old Gentleman—Never had it before! Land sakes! I've had this sort of thing off and on every winter for the past eighty years.

At the Night-town Sewing Circle.

Miss Calhoun (to Mr. Clay, who has been lingering too long at the ice cream table)—I'se a sen requested by d' ladies wash'n' dishes in d' vestry ter arsk yo' 'f yo' ain't mos' frough wi' dat air—trough!

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Has to be Careful.

Mrs. Bancroft—Your husband has never taken any active interest in Sunday school work, has he?

Mrs. Rhinelander—No; you see he is employed in a bank and the directors keep a pretty close watch of him.

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, will display their spring show of novelties on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29 and 30. Every requisite for ladies' attire. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

She is a Talker.

Miss Bleecker (of New York)—I tell you Miss Flypp can keep her end up when it comes to talking.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—Yes, she evidently does not find it difficult to maintain her conversational extremity at a considerable elevation.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

is she who pays the most assiduous attention to the care of the skin.

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Best mixed Birdseed 7c., usually 15c.
Painted Bird Cages, best make, 39c. up; brass, 99c. up; beautiful square cage.
The largest and most varied show of Albums ever seen together, from 5c. up to $2.00, worth 20c. to $3.
A beautiful assortment of Jewelry, not half usual prices.
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Tack Hammers 5c. each.
Splendid adz-eye Hammers 10c. to 19c., from medium to large size.
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St. Jacobs Oil

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Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

Witchery.

(Translated from the German for Saturday Night by Harry A. Brown.

IN a beautiful little village which nestles among the foot-hills of the Tyrolese Alps, there lived many years ago a notary who was far famed both for his wit and benevolence. He was called from his native village one day to visit a certain innkeeper of Sollingen, upon professional business, and was crossing the market place of that village, towards the hostelry, when he saw a poor woman who sold crockery and whom he had known in better circumstances.

"How goes it, madam," he asked her.

"Very bad, indeed, Herr Vogel," she replied. "Even the little that one does make is swallowed up by breakages."

"That is indeed bad," said the notary, as he rubbed his chin with his cane, "and my dear woman, I should like to help you but I have two sons at the university who spend my money and give me but little thanks for it, so I am afraid I cannot at present," and the notary continued his walk.

Presently, however, he returned and said: "Madam, do you see that hotel? I go there on business and will dine with the guests in the upper room. Now, when I appear at that window and twirl my cane three times jump, up and smash all your crockery to atoms, and I will see that you are well paid for your trouble."

"But what good can come of such waste?" said the woman, with Teutonic thrift.

"Don't bother about nothing; you will sell all your crockery and at a good profit," was the notary's cheery reply as he again strolled off across the square to the inn, where he quickly transacted his business.

An hour later all the guests were assembled at the table. One was happy in the thought that he had sold his goods, another that he had bought them, a third that he had received his money, and a fourth that he had made a good investment, while the notary was doubly happy, inasmuch as he saw before him both a good joke and a charitable deed.

Soon knives, forks and spoons were working hard, and the clatter of dishes and ring of glasses sounded through the hall. Then the notary started the conversation by speaking of witches and witchery, and when he saw that the others took a lively interest in the topic, he dropped out of the conversation and applied himself to his dinner.

Opinions were so numerous and varied that it was not until the dessert was served that his friends noticed that he was not taking an active part in the discussion.

"But what say you, master notary?" they all asked at once. "You cannot plead ignorance. Come, speak up, and tell us what you know."

The notary answered in rather a discreet tone that he did not like to talk upon such subjects. "But since you press me I will say that there are more things between heaven and earth than you are aware of. Why, even I am a wizard and at times command the witches."

"Proofs, proofs, proofs," they all cried in a breath. "Come, Mr. Wizard, your proofs."

"Well," said the notary, "what shall I do? Make the rain descend from a clear sky, or put mule ears on the provost?"

"Mule ears!" they all assented at once, for the provost was greatly disliked.

"No," said the notary, "that might create a disturbance. But see," and he pointed out of the window, "there is a poor woman in the square who sits beside a pile of crockery, which she offers for sale. Will it satisfy you if by bewitching her I make her smash all her stock to pieces?"

"Yes, yes. Do it, do it, and we will be perfectly satisfied."

"Death," quoth the notary, "costs one but his life, and I fear my witchery would be as dear to this good woman, for it is evident that she has no other way of making a living." So he passed around his hat and all contributed liberally to the fund to pay for the dishes should they be broken.

All crowded to points of vantage, and all eyes were fixed upon the woman by her stand in the square below, and who was knitting away, supposedly oblivious to everything else.

Then the notary leaned forward and in a very solemn tone recited the following words, while his cane was circling in the air:

"Abra Kodabra, Hokus Pocus, Lirum Larum, Liffelsteel."

As he finished, the effect was truly as magic. As though stung by a bee, the woman sprang to her feet, casting her knitting upon the ground, and in the twinkling of an eye was either hurling pitchers or plates into the air or dashing them directly upon the pavement where they were broken to atoms, and this she continued to do until her stock was completely exhausted, when she resumed her seat and sorrowfully gazed upon the havoc she had committed.

"Well," said the notary, as he gathered up the money and sent it to the woman with his kind regards, "I hope you are quite satisfied that there is more in witchery than 'moonshine,' and that in future you will be content to leave such matters alone."

Suggested by a Sovereign.

The art of decorative design on coins has not attained a very high standard in England, the best work being generally copied from antiquity and often unintelligiently placed amid surroundings which are unsuitable. Take the sovereign for example, where, on the reverse side of the coin, the natural legend of St. George and the Dragon is depicted. The figure of the sainted warrior is noble, the action of the steed is full of beauty and fire. Both have, in all probability, been coined from or suggested by some antique model, but the lack of artistic power to adapt the borrowed material to the circumstances of the case is at once apparent. Mark the unreality of the conception. St. George is armed with a sword some eighteen inches in length, with which he cannot by any possibility reach the dragon. Of this he is aware, for he holds the sword well back out of the way. Finding himself in this dilemma, St. George with the well disciplined heroism of a brave man in a moment of supreme danger, disconcerts the dragon by trying to ram his right foot down the ravenous animal's throat. The creature is evidently taken by surprise. The saint, profiting by the momentary indecision of his foe, evidently kills the dragon by driving his right spur (which the artist has forgotten to depict) into his antagonist's brain. In Canada, this maleficent and overgrown reptile would be hunted up by a nimble boy and knocked on the head with a stick.

DOUGLAS.

The Execution of Women During the French Revolution

The first capital sentence on a woman was passed on April 12, 1793. Catherine Clere, a domestic servant at Valenciennes, fifty-five years of age, was found drunk at night in the streets of that town, shouting "Vive le Roi!" and singing revolutionary songs. Probably it was a case of *in vino veritas*, albeit her counsel assured the tribunal that during five months in his service she had shown no anti-Republican sentiments, and there was no evidence of her having meddled in politics. Next day two members of the Convention, horrified at the infliction of death for so slight an offence, urged a respite; but the Convention declined to interfere, and it is said that even while the brief discussion was going on the guillotine did its work. Two months later thirty-eight women, aged twenty-four, twenty-five, and twenty-seven, implicated with twenty men in a royalist plot, detected by the digging up of papers in a garden, suffered the same penalty. A few weeks more and it was the turn of Charlotte Corday.

By this time the Parisians had become accustomed to the "equality of the sexes" before the guillotine, and the monthly statistics—I follow the Jacobin reckoning—show a terrible crescendo of executions; Vendemiaire, three women (including Marie Antoinette) and seven men; Brumaire, three women (including Mme. Roland) and sixty-two men; Frimaire, ten women (including Mme. du Barry), fifty-seven men; Nivose, ten women, fifty-one men; Pluviose, eight women, sixty men; Ventose, eleven women, one hundred and five men; Germinal, twelve women, one hundred and forty-three men; Floreal, twenty seven women (including Princess Elizabeth), three hundred and twenty-seven men; Prairial, thirty-three women, four hundred and ninety-six men; Messidor, ninety-three women, seven hundred and three men; Thermidor, 1st to 9th, fifty-nine women, two hundred and eighty-three men. If Robespierre had not been overturned, and if Thermidor had continued as it had begun, the monthly number of women would have risen to one hundred and seventy seven. As Edgar Quinet remarks, the longer the system lasted the more the Terrorists were doomed to prolong it; an eternity of murders would have been necessary before the favorable moment for clemency was found. It should also be mentioned that the acquittals, which at first considerably outnumbered the convictions, became after Pluviose a dwindling minority, and that of the five thousand persons still in prison when Robespierre fell we may assume one-third to have been women.—*The National Review.*

Irish Folk-Lore.

The robin is called "God's bird," because it plucked a thorn from the cruel crown pressed upon the head of our Saviour, and in doing so wounded its own breast. It forsakes a "cursed" graveyard.

The wren is chased every St. Stephen's day on account of its betraying the Saviour by chattering in a clump of furze where he was hiding. It is called the "king of all birds," because it concealed itself beneath the wing of the eagle when that lordly bird claimed supremacy by soaring highest. "Here I am," said the wren, mounting above the eagle's head when the latter could go no higher.

The blackbird and thrush are "wandering souls," whose sins must be expiated on earth, hence they are forced to endure the rigors of winter. Rooks, jackdaws, bats, lawks, and owls are animated by lost souls. The wagtail is called the "devil's bird," for no other reason, I suppose, than that it cleverly evades the missiles thrown at it. A dead wagtail is a *rara avis.*

The stone-chat is continually chatting with the evil one, so it is held in bad repute; and as the raven commonly impersonates his sable majesty, it is ranked in the same category of evil birds. Sometimes, however, its appearance forebodes a death. With the ancient Greeks the magpie was supposed to possess the soul of a gossiping woman, and we all know how unlucky it is to meet an odd number of the species in Ireland:

One comes for sorrow, two for mirth,
Three for a buryin', and four for a birth.

Crows, like crickets, come for good or evil luck, but the "curse of the crows" is a malediction to be avoided. If good luck abides in the homestead where they build their rookery, they should not be molested. Sparrows, starcs and plovers are on friendly terms with the fairies. The lark and the swallow are birds of good omen, but the latter should not rest on the house top.

The sedge-warbler possesses the souls of unbaptized babes and sings their sorrow at the midnight hour; while the linnet, yellow hammer and finch sing their plaintive and tender songs to remind us that they are souls of departed friends not yet relieved from purgatorial pains. The bittern is their herald at night.—*Irish Times.*

The Decorative Craze.

Under the rule and inspiration of the art-decorator a curious confusion and introversion of ideas has come to pass. Instead of a room being the reflection of the person who mostly lives therein (which should make the sight of a room, even more than that of a person's friends, be a true index of character), the room is now looked upon as the ruling guide. The owner must live up, dress up, to the room; she must try to harmonize with the room, instead of her room being brought into harmony with her. In fact, she is like a person who has bought a particular picture-frame and must strive to find some picture that will fit it fairly well. A woman's room should be her frame, which completes and perfects the pictures of her individuality; but in the schemes of the art-decorator she is a mere accident, or no account, and he would describe a Pompadour bowl for Lady Macbeth, or a Greek music-room for Becky Sharp, wherein to sing Yvette Guilbert's latest success to the tunes of Sayne, without a qualm ruffling his serene self-satisfaction. The *genre atelier* was one of the modes of this craze for domestic decoration which was perhaps the ultimatum,—when estheticism, by which we know no more of painting than a cat does of a case of pistols, thought it necessary to decorate cases about their rooms, and even went so far as to hang palettes, ready set for painting on their walls.—*The National Review.*

A Sad Cause.

Mrs. O'Brien—Good marnin', Mrs. McCabe. An' phwat makes you look so sad?

Mrs. McCabe—Shure, Dennis was sint to th' penitintiary for six months.

Mrs. O'Brien—Well! Shure, don't worry. Six months will soon pass.

Mrs. McCabe—Shure, that's phwat worries me.

Chaining Him Down.

Old Gentleman—If you are bound to marry that young scapegrace, I suppose I can't prevent it; but I'll fix him so he'll have to spend his evenings in good company.

Trustful Girl—Oh, he will, of course!

Old Gentleman—Yes, indeed, he will. All the money you get he'll have to win from me at poker.

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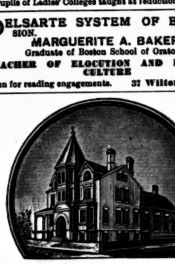

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The Last Day This is the day before Easter! Have you bought your shoes? Remember a perfect fitting shoe, such as Blachford sells, adds more to the beauty of a costume than anything else. Come early; we will be very busy to-day. H. & C. BLACHFORD 83—89 King St. East BLACHFORD

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. EASTER - - HOLIDAYS To Teachers and Scholars: Round Trip Tickets will be sold on production of Certificate between all points west of Pt. Arthur, in Canada only. Good going April 1st to 15th 1892 Returning until May 9, 1892 FARE and ONE-THIRD To the General Public: Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all points East of Port Arthur. Good going April 14, 15 and 16; Returning until April 19, 1892. SINGLE FARE Apply to Any Agent of the Company

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

dist church, on which occasion the choir will be assisted by Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor; Mr. S. H. Clark, elocutionist; Mr. J. W. Chattoe, baritone, and other well known talent. Mrs. Caldwell will sing two solos and the Inflammatus with the choir. Mr. Harold Jarvis two solos and a trio with Mrs. Massie and Mrs. Cameron, and Mr. Clark will recite his masterpiece, The Chariot Race from Ben Hur, and another selection. The remainder of the programme is of a varied and attractive character.

•

The French Club had a delightful meeting last Saturday evening at the residence of Mrs. Clarke, 37 Wilton crescent. This week being Holy Week, no meeting will be held. On Thursday of Easter week, Miss Howson of 82 Brunswick avenue will receive the club.

•

Miss Eva Harrison, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Harrison, sailed for England on the steamer Parisian.

•

Mrs. and Miss Bickford of Gore Vale left for England on Tuesday evening. Mr. Bickford accompanied them to Portland to bid them *bon voyage*.

•

Those who attended the horse show last year have stored up the pleasant sensations experienced and are on the alert for the opening of the next one on Thursday, April 21. It was a very large undertaking for Mr. Grand when he last year set to work to reproduce an entertainment that had not been previously essayed with success on this continent outside of New York, and the difficulties of the case were increased by the fact that the general public did not grasp the nature of the thing until it was over. For one who went last year ten will go this and arrangements have been made accordingly, so that the horse show will prove the event of the social season as its daring and gorgeous character deserves.

•

William Edgar, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, died at his home in Montreal on Wednesday morning. His death was a surprise to his Toronto friends who had no intimation of his illness, and what makes the case particularly appeal to the public is the circumstances of his comparatively recent marriage to a Port Hope lady.

Music.

The splendid house that greeted the return of Mme. Emma Albani to Toronto on Monday evening, was a tribute alike to her greatness and to Messrs. Suckling's enterprise. The former was and is still unquestioned, and the latter must be conceded by all who saw Monday's success. The audience was fashionable and brilliant in attire, as is always the case at large functions in Toronto. In fact, all our visiting artists notice this, and Mme. Albani alluded to it in the course of a few minutes' conversation I had with her on Monday evening. She said: "I always like to sing in Toronto, you have such splendid audiences! so well dressed and such handsome people! It reminds me of London, and it is the only city in America where the people seem to attire themselves to honor the singer." She had similar reason to feel pleased at her reception, which was of the warmest. She earned the rare distinction of a triple encore, and this in spite of repeated silent bows in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the audience. Nothing would do but more singing, and cheers and shouts of "encore" brought about the desired result. I have been to most concerts of note in Toronto during the last thirty years and I have never seen such insistence and excitement.

•

The recollection of this excitement and of its attendant circumstances brings me to one point of criticism in Monday evening's performance. The programme was late in opening, and was too long, with too much piano playing for a general audience. People like to get away a little after ten o'clock unless the program me is of rare variety and interest, and many of the audience on Monday found the prospect of seven more piano pieces after Albani's last song at 10.25, too much for their money and went home, "and I went with them." Mme. Albani was in better voice than on her concert visit three years ago. Her voice was clear, bright and resonant, with all the old sweetness and with some of the old peculiar *traînante* quality at times that slightly mars her singing. On a former visit I had occasion to complain of a tendency she had to vocalize on "oo," but that was almost entirely absent this time. She sang with great ease and clearness of tone, giving a beautiful high C at times, but her middle C was liable to be shrewish in tone. As others have, so have I of late years frequently felt the insipidity of many Italian arias after the stronger meat of modern composition, but I, for one, can feel their charm again, when presented by such a singer as Albani. The pitying smile that was aroused by the few bars of introduction to Casta Diva vanished when the singer began and I was forced to feel that as in everything else, much of the value of a selection must be determined by the manner of its rendition. First of all, her perfect attack, then her rich, full tone—honest and free from trickery in every detail—and then her artistic phrasing—all these combined to a magnificent representation. To be sure the phrasing was sometimes unconventional, but wherever this occurred, the reason was noticeable and an artistic result was obtained. Her next number was Angels Ever Bright and Fair. This was a model in its simplicity and severity of style, the only departure from extreme classicality being a liberality of effects of light and shade and pauses, all of which, however, were justified by the general phrase effect. Her encore piece of this was the Jewel Song from Faust, which she sang rather leisurely and which lacked somewhat of the sparkle and brilliancy which should go with it.

•

When Mme. Albani began the La Mia Piccirella of Gomes, she for the first time showed weariness and decadence of voice. It showed itself husky and unresonant to a slight degree, but as she sang this effect wore off and she scored a brilliant success with it. I admired more than ever her vocalization, which was clear and brilliant and, above all, absolute truthful in its intonation. Her runs and cadenzas were beautifully distinct. It was at this item of the programme that her succession of recalls began. She sang Robin Adair, then a little French song, Gardez moi ma Patrie, and Home, Sweet Home. Comparisons are odious, I know, but I cannot help saying that I think everybody in the house who heard Patti and Albani singing this ever-welcome old song will agree with me that there was less artificiality and more truthful feeling in Albani's rendering than in that of her great rival. It was a fitting climax to a brilliant song effort.

•

The artists supporting Albani were very good without awakening enthusiasm, in me, at all events. Signor Vianesi was at his very eccentric in his accompaniments, doing some very funny work in Robin Adair. Mr. Ernest Willett, a blind violinist, played Wieniawski's second Polonaise, the Romonzy arrangement of Schubert's Serenade, and Sarasate's Danse Espagnole. The Serenade was his best effort. His execution is very facile, but his intonation is insecure, a fatal fault. His tone was sweet but light and uncertain. M. Vladimir de Pachmann played a liberal number of piano solos, opening with the Moonlight Sonata, of which he gave a thoughtful rendering, but without great depth or power. In fact his playing, as I have before indicated, polished and elegant to a degree, but to my mind, sadly superficial. Brilliancy and delicacy of touch, a beautiful legato, and superb run work, but none of that giving up of the inner self which must accompany great artistic efforts. He gave a most beautiful rendering of the Chopin Fantasie Impromptu Op. 66.

•

The repetition of the Clarke testimonial concert by and for the artists who took part, resulted in a very flattering attendance and enthusiastic reception, and something for the Children's Aid Fund after the performers were paid.

•

Miss Maud Burdette sang with great success at the recent concert of the Ottawa Philharmonic Society at which the other visiting vocalist was Mr. Max Heinrich, the great baritone and singer of German Lieder.

•

The Literary Society of the Parkdale Collegiate Institute gave a most enjoyable concert on Friday evening last, at which the performers were Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Agnes Knox, Miss Emma Wilson, Miss Fannie Forbes, Miss May Grant, and Miss Fannie Morgan, Mr. George Fox and Mr. R. A. Shaw.

•

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz has secured an old-fashioned spinett, which he is using on a two weeks' tour he is now making to Ottawa, Montreal, Belleville, Peterboro and Toronto. He will also play some characteristic antique music upon this instrument at the Vocal Society's concert on Thursday, 28th inst.

•

On Friday evening next Mr. Whitney Mockridge will give a concert, assisted by Miss Minnie Gaylord and Mr. E. W. Schuch. Miss Maud Burdette is also expected to be of the party.

METRONOME.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN

Replies to Nordheimer's N. Y. "Musical Courier" Advertisement.

He Shows that References in that Advertisement to the Lansdowne Piano are Erroneous and Liable to Mislead the Reader and do His Business an Injustice Unless Corrected.

Gerhard Heintzman's Reply to Nordheimers.

(N. Y. Musical Courier Advertisement.)

To the Public:

As Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer have caused to be published in the Toronto press, and as I have also reason to believe that they are distributing in circular form their recent advertisement in the New York *Musical Courier*, which contains references to the Lansdowne piano that are liable to mislead, and which are erroneous, I will thank you to publish a copy of my reply, which, under advice, I sent last week to that paper for publication.

Yours truly,
GERHARD HEINTZMAN.

TORONTO, April 6, 1892.

Editor Musical Courier, New York:

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of March 30 your representative has written up the Nordheimer piano, and as in that article he has made statements regarding it, as well as the Lansdowne piano, and their manufacture, which are erroneous, and which, if not corrected, are liable to do me and my present business an injury, I have to request your insertion of the following statement as to the past manufacture of both instruments:

In 1877 I began manufacturing pianos in this city on my own account, and from 1881 to 1886, whilst manufacturing under the style of The Heintzman Piano Mfg. Co., I entered into A. & S. Nordheimer a stipulated number of pianos per year, one condition of sale being that

They Were to Be Stencilled

A. & S. Nordheimer, Montreal, and Montreal, and another that they were to be supplied at a small advance over actual cost of manufacture.

During these years every piano I manufactured (except those I made for the Messrs. Nordheimer) bore the name of The Heintzman Piano Mfg. Co. on the name board and cast in the iron plate, LESS THAN ONE-THIRD OF MY ENTIRE OUTPUT BEING INSTRUMENTS MANUFACTURED AND SOLD TO MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHEIMER.

About the latter part of this time the Messrs. Nordheimer proposed the formation and also joined me in organizing a joint stock company called the Lansdowne Piano Company, of which I was THE MANAGING DIRECTOR AND SUPERINTENDENT OF FACTORY until my withdrawal in December, 1890. As a company we still continued to supply Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer with pianos under contract,

Stencilled as Heretofore,

though much the larger number of pianos we manufactured bore the Lansdowne Piano Co.'s name on name-board and cast in the plate.

It is true the larger part of the Nordheimer pianos were made from different scales, BUT THESE SCALES WERE ALL PERSONALLY DRAWN BY ME, and whilst both Lansdowne and Nordheimer pianos were instruments of high class and durably constructed, THE MESSRS. NORDHEIMER ARE AWARE THAT THE LANSDOWNE PIANO WAS THE MOST COSTLY TO MANUFACTURE AND THAT I NOT ONLY CONSIDERED THE LANSDOWNE SCALES THE MOST PERFECT, BUT THAT THE LANSDOWNE INSTRUMENTS WERE THE PREMIER CANADIAN PIANOS.

In 1888 your paper contained:

An Unpleasant Reference

to the "Nordheimer" piano as a stencil instrument, which led to the Messrs. Nordheimer urging a change in the name of the company to that of A. & S. Nordheimer & Co., to which I ultimately agreed, SO THAT DURING THE LAST FEW MONTHS OF MY CONNECTION WITH THE STOCK COMPANY ALL PIANOS WERE MADE AND SOLD UNDER THE COMPANY'S NEW NAME, A LARGE PORTION BEING OF THE LANSDOWNE SCALES. Finding that under the new name the business was not as satisfactory as heretofore and that

A Mistake Had Been Made

in giving up the Lansdowne name, as the piano was a great favorite among the members of the profession and the musical people of the Dominion. It separated from the Messrs. Nordheimer in December, 1890, taking with me in part payment of my interest ALL PIANOS OF THE LANSDOWNE SCALES IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, TOGETHER WITH ALL PATTERNS, MATERIALS AND STOCK USED IN THEIR CONSTRUCTION, moving into a better equipped and more commodious factory, where

Under My Own Name

and as heretofore under my own personal supervision, the pianos of the Lansdowne scales are manufactured (as you will see from accompanying catalogue) and occupy a worthy place among the various styles of pianos now manufactured by me and all of which bear the name of the Gerhard Heintzman Company on the name board and cast in the plate.

In conclusion, permit me to say that, despite the changes above referred to, and the depression existing in trade circles, I am happy to say that the demand for my pianos has increased month by month, and is larger than at any previous period in my history, even when making Lansdowne and Nordheimer instruments, and further that

The Retail Sales in Toronto

during the past twelve months (where the changes and my connection with the past company is best known) are almost twice that of any other year.

If your representative cares to call on me I shall be pleased to afford him any further information bearing on the matter in question.

I remain, Yours very truly,
GERHARD HEINTZMAN,
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City Warerooms, 188 Yonge street.

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Assisted by MR. W. E. RAMSAY, will be held at the Methodist Church, Cowan Ave., on TUESDAY, APRIL 19, 1892. Doors open at 7.30. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25c; children 15c. Tickets may be had from the pupils, at 32 O'Hara Ave., and at the door.

Rev. Bernard Bryan - - - - Chairman.

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Reserved seats 75c., $1, $1.50 and $2. First two gallery rows extra.

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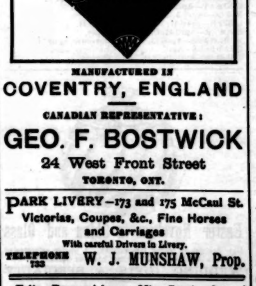
CARLTON ST. METHODIST CHURCH

Wednesday Evening, April 20

Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor; Mr. S. H. Clark, elocutionist; Miss Maude Suarz, mezzo soprano; Mr. T. W. Chattoe, baritone; Master Bertie Plant, cornetist; the Carlton Quartette.

Choir of 40 Voices

Admission 25c. A truly delightful programme.



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The Edward Lloyd Concert.

The sale of seats opened at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' on Wednesday morning for the concert by Edward Lloyd at the Horticultural Pavilion on May 5. Mr. Lloyd is one of the foremost English tenors and comes supported by a company of more than ordinary merit, it is said.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

On Friday afternoon a very pleasant affair took place at the Collegiate Institute, the occasion being the presentation to Mr. A. H. Morrison of a handsomely engrossed address and a purse containing $100 in gold. Mr. Morrison has been connected with the Institute for a number of years, and has always been held in the very highest esteem. He responded in an exceedingly able and scholarly manner.

Mrs. J. K. Osborne was in Toronto this week.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson will give an entertainment in Bowmanville this week.

Deputy-Judge Jones was in Toronto on Wednesday.

Mr. Raymond spent a few days in Strathroy last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Drummond, Montreal, are visiting at "The Cedars."

The B. Y. L. C. will give their annual Easter concert on April 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. McMichael were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Robertson a couple of days this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Leeming of Chicago are in the city. SAILOR.

Unreserved Auction Sale

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Births.

FREEMAN—April 6, Mrs. Fred Freeman—a daughter.
HAY—April 8, Mrs. S. M. Hay—a daughter.
PATTISON—April 10, Mrs. J. T. Pattison—a son.
MANCHES—April 8, Mrs. A. F. Manches—a daughter.
THOMPSON—April 8, Mrs. W. Thompson—a son.
GEDDES—April 6, Mrs. Walter Geddes—twin sons.
GROVES—April 5, Mrs. W. E. Groves—a son.
CAMERON—April 5, Mrs. George Cameron—a daughter.
FLEMING—March 28, Mrs. O. Fleming—a son.
GREENE—April 11, Mrs. Arthur Greene—a daughter.
POLSON—March 30, Mrs. Arthur Polson—a son.

Marriages.

BROWN—STEPHENSON—April 6, Robert Brown to Carrie Stephenson.
CURRAH—HURSHEAD—March 31, W. E. Currah to Tillie Hurshead.
MURRAY—WILLSON—April 7, John W. Murray to Harriet E. Willson.

Deaths.

St. JOHN—April 5, Jennie A. St. John.
HARRINGTON—April 6, John Harrington, aged 63.
SQUIRES—April 8, Ann Squires, aged 65.
GLOW—April 7, James Glow, aged 37.
FORFAR—April 9, Sadie Forfar, aged 7.
TAYLOR—April 8, Christiana Taylor, aged 70.
BURT—April 9, Jane Burt, aged 46.
MORELL—April 9, M. S. Morell.
MOORE—April 10, Alfred Moore, aged 9.
CORBETT—April —, Rev. John Corbett, aged 82.
LINDSAY—April 9, Isabella Lindsay, aged 55.
ROLLO—April 5, James Rollo, aged 72.
LISTER—April 11, David Lister, aged 44.
HOOPER—April 11, Catherine Hooper.
BURROWES—April 11, Thomas Burrowes, aged 74.
CHAMBERS—April 10, Arthur Chambers, aged 1.
THOMAS—April 10, Mrs. Jacob Thomas.

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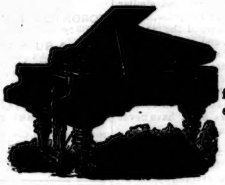

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